

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 12. NO. 21.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1894.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

J. O. Moen was over from Wausau this week.

Shedell Brazell was at Ashland last Saturday.

Paul Browne was in Minneapolis this week.

Perry Taylor is up from Wausau for a few days visit.

Look for bargains in dry goods at Gray's Saturday.

The Eagle River Democrat has changed hands again.

Ice cream, wholesale and retail at Rhinelander Bakery. 2w

John Barnes is at Eagle River this week on legal business.

Summer jackets and capes at one-half price at Grays.

Miss Maggie Murphy is visiting relatives at Stevens Point.

Creamery butter at Langdon's, only 19 cents per pound.

Chairman O'Malley, of Minocqua, was in the city last Friday.

Langdon sells Q. P. Soap, the best family soap in the land.

Misses Julia and Pearl Curran are visiting friends at Wausau.

Best dairy butter 15 cents per pound by the tub, at Langdon's.

J. J. Reardon and family spent the Fourth at Tomahawk Lake.

Prof. L. L. Wright, of Ironwood, spent the Fourth in our city.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Conn visited relatives at Oshkosh last week.

Geo. Joseph repairs guns and bicycles at Cory & Mack's store opposite City Hotel.

Charley Melndoe spent the 4th at Wausau, playing ball with the Eagle River team.

Everything and anything in the lumber line can be secured at Wikson & Bronson's.

Curtis Wright and wife, of Choate, Mich., are visiting at Arthur Taylor's this week.

Wikson & Bronson are prepared to sell lumber at retail to parties in the city and will deliver the same to any part of the city. Try them.

Jumbo Park has been the Mecca of local horsemen for a week past. Horses have been worked out every morning, and quite a crowd has been out daily.

For first-class work in painting, decorating, paper-hanging and kalsomining see Schnell, the painter. Geo. Jenkinson & Son's Hardware store.

Rev. C. A. Rosander will exchange pulpits with Rev. A. B. Hija, of Ironwood, Mich., next Sunday, who will preach in the Swedish Lutheran church of this city forenoon and evening.

A satisfied customer is a permanent one. That is why we recommend DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They cure constipation, indigestion and biliousness. J. J. Reardon & Co.

The Y. W. C. T. U. wish to establish a flower mission and all persons who wish to assist are kindly asked to leave flowers Tuesday and Friday at the millinery store of Misses Peers and Wallison.

M. Langdon is prepared to sell you groceries of all kinds at the lowest possible price for cash. His stock is fresh and all first-class. He pays cash for his goods, and gives his customers the benefit of the discounts obtained by so doing. A call at his store will convince you that you can save money by buying your groceries at Langdon's.

A Scandinavian picnic was held in a grove near the old ball park yesterday and a large number were in attendance. J. W. McCormick delivered an excellent address, which was received with much favor. The crowd thoroughly enjoyed the games and pastimes which occupied the time well into the afternoon. We regret that lack of time prevents the publication of Judge McCormick's address and a full write-up of the affair.

W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business in Kingville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhea remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the remedy is a certain cure for the diseases for which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by the Palace Drug Co.

Get your job printing in this office and get the best.

B. P. Dorr of Antigo, transacted business in our city Saturday.

John Murray came over from Eagle River for a day's stay last Thursday.

Stephen Radford, of Choate, Mich., was in the city Friday last on business.

James Lawless and family came over from Hazelhurst to spend the 4th.

O. F. Wissler and family are over from Minneapolis for a two week's visit with friends.

Candidates for county office continue to increase in number as convention time approaches.

Capt. J. E. Leahy was up from Wausau Monday looking after Stevens' chances for the Oneida county delegation.

J. E. Jackson and C. Eby were at Tomahawk Lake last Saturday fishing. They hooked a fine string of pike and bass.

Leslie Langley, brother of Will, arrived in the city Monday to remain permanently. He will study law in the office of Alban & Barnes.

It's all the same, a slight cold, congested lungs or severe cough. One Minute Cough Cure banishes them. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Milk has taken quite a tumble. The milk men have dropped from seven to five cents. They claim it isn't on account of high water.

It not only relieves; it does more. It cures. We refer to One Minute Cough Cure. Suitable for all ages, all conditions, at all times. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Emory Fuller and Mark Shaler returned from St. Paul Monday. The former's running horses are at the Twin City Jockey Club's park, and will be in several races there this week.

The Keith Gold Cure Company is doing a great business this summer. They have nearly two hundred institute running in various parts of the country and there are hundreds of doctors who are using their remedies.

D. C. La Plant is in the city this week visiting friends and looking after some business interests. He has not been in Rhinelander for five years and he expresses himself as both surprised and pleased at the changes in the city. His real estate investments are paying him well.

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and stomach disorders. Remedy these by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and your headache disappears. The favorite little pill everywhere. J. J. Reardon & Co.

A party of four gentlemen from Whitewater, two Normal School professors and two doctors, were camped on the Wisconsin river shore here Sunday night. They started from Lake Vieux Desert and intend going the full length of the Wisconsin river. They are having a pleasant trip.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Parties desiring a good place to spend their leisure moments fishing and boating, can find excellent accommodations at Lake George where boats and other conveniences can be found. Howard Towne has the boats in charge and all guests will be treated courteously. As regards fishing the lake is one of the best in the country, and a good catch is guaranteed.

Last June Dick Crawford brought his twelve-months-old child, suffering from infantile diarrhea, to me. It had been weaned at four months old and had always been sickly. I gave the usual treatment in such cases, but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and pany constitution disappeared and its father and myself believe the child's life was saved by this remedy. J. T. MARLOW, M. D., Tamarac, Ill. For sale at the Palace Drug Store, Rhinelander, Wis.

Geo. W. Mason is here for a few days stay.

H. J. Fall is visiting his home at Hudson, Wis.

Thos. L. Williams, of Portage, is the guest of B. R. Lewis this week.

N. T. Baldwin and wife put in the 4th fishing at Tomahawk Lake.

John Henry is down from his home on Tamarack for a few days' visit.

Bert Swartout and Francis Ulrich took in the races at Oshkosh yesterday.

Ed. Forhan and James White, of Hazelhurst, spent the Fourth in the city.

Miss Edith Reed, of Omro, is visiting at the home of her uncle, Richard Reed.

Miss Ellen Gary entertained her friend, Miss Spencer, of Antigo, this week.

English currant loaves a specialty on Saturday at the Rhinelander Bakery. 2w

Miss Margaret Huntington, of Wausau, is visiting Mrs. B. R. Lewis for a few days.

An ice cream room is now open for patronage at the Rhinelander Bakery. 2w

Ed. Rogers started this morning for a few days visit in Merrill. He will be back Monday.

Grocery fixtures, scales, coffee mills etc., also delivery wagon for sale. Enquire of Irvin Gray.

Bert Sheehy, who is on the road selling lumber for Crane Bros., of Tomahawk, spent the Fourth here.

If you want the best flour in the market go to Langdon's and get a sack of the Duluth Imperial patent.

Ted Yapp and wife are down from Choate, Mich., to spend a few days visiting their relatives and friends.

Have you tried a milk shake shaken by the new clerk, by the new patent shaker at the Rhinelander Bakery. 2w

Miss Grace Barnes arrived home from Colorado Tuesday morning. She is considerably improved in health.

Buy dry goods at Gray's and get a ticket for admission to "A Pair of Kicks" which plays at the Opera House, July 1.

Thomas Mullen, of Green Bay, who represents a Milwaukee wholesale house, visited his brother, Pat, here last week.

Wikson & Bronson would be pleased to receive your orders for lumber of any kind, lath, shingles, pickets and mouldings. 1f

Geo. Whitney goes to Marinette this noon to take a position as engineer on the Wisconsin and Michigan railroad.

A good big roomy house, in a good location for taking boarders, can be bought on reasonable terms. Inquire at this office. 1f

P. W. Schurb and W. F. Goodell are representing the Peoples' party in the state convention at Milwaukee this week.

No griping, no nausea, no pain, when DeWitt's Little Early Risers are taken. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. J. J. Reardon & Co.

Mrs. W. C. Ogden and son Guy started Tuesday for Waupaca county where they will visit friends and relatives about two weeks.

"There is a salve for every wound." We refer to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures burns, bruises, cuts, indolent sores, as a local application in the nostrils it cures catarrh, and always cures piles. J. J. Reardon & Co.

E. L. Dimick, treasurer of the local order of Maccabees, paid two thousand dollars to Mrs. Conklin Monday, that being the amount of a policy held by her late husband in the Maccabees. The payment was an exceptionally prompt one, and is another indication pointing to the excellence of the order and its insurance feature.

A horse killed H. S. Shafer, of the Freemyer House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee, which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm which he did, and in two days was able to be around. Mr. Shafer has recommended it to many others and says it is excellent for any kind of bruise or sprain. The same remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by the Palace Drug Co.

Miss Nina Calkins, of Antigo, is in Rhinelander visiting her brother Hugh and other friends.

Rev. J. H. Chandler is home again after a two weeks stay in Grinnell, Iowa, in attendance on the annual gathering of the American Institute of Christian Sociology and the summer school held under its auspices. He will speak next Sunday evening at the Congregational church on "Who are the Anarchists." At the morning service he will speak on "A new Plan of Work," preceding the regular sermon with a short sermon to the children.

The 4th passed off quietly yesterday so far as Rhinelander was concerned. It was observed to the extent that business houses closed and the people enjoyed the day as best they could. No program of exercises, other than those of the Scandinavian Society was given. Fireworks, from the little cracker to the cannon, were booming away on schedule, but no reports of damage to either property or person has developed. The dances at night drew great crowds, but all in all, it was the quietest 4th Rhinelander ever saw.

Small in size, great in results: DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for constipation, best for sick headache, best for sour stomach. J. J. Reardon & Co.

George Broutette is visiting his folks here this week.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for scalds, burns, bruises skin affections and piles. J. J. Reardon & Co.

Messrs. Shelton and Chambers were at Pembine fishing last week.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. Sold by J. J. Reardon & Co.

Eagle River was beaten at base ball by Wausau yesterday. Score, 25 to 5.

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. J. J. Reardon & Co.

Twenty-four saloons took out license on the 3rd. The number will probably reach thirty before the month is out.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for piles.

J. E. Jackson is at Eagle River today on business.

For RENT.—Second floor office rooms and living rooms for families on Brown street. Inquire of Brown Bros. Lumber Co. or at Merchants State Bank. 1f

Half Rates To Cleveland.

On account of the Convention of the United Societies of Christian Endeavor, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Cleveland, Ohio, and return at the exceedingly low rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 9th and 10th, good for return passage until July 21st. For detailed information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

The Races.

A good sized crowd was at Jumbo park yesterday to witness the races and they saw some good speed and close contests. There was no chance for complaint at the quality and quantity of race, but the terrible dust that one had to take in going to and from the track, as well as the financial difference that it made in riding caused some complaints.

Most of the interest centered in the match race between Dan and William M. The latter won easily as Dan wouldn't keep his feet. In one heat he did, and won it in the best time ever made on the track, for half-mile heats, 1:15.

The bicycle races were both won by Ben James with Claude Shepard a close second.

The coll race was captured by Ed. Berry's Teala II.

The 2:10 race was won by Stone-quarry Bill.

The running race between Harrison's and Hilber's horses was won by the latter.

The races were all close and the crowd enjoyed them thoroughly.

Lay Sermons.

"And they shall teach my people the difference between the holy and profane, and cause them to discern between the unclean and the clean." Ezekiel, 44-21.

In the present state of public opinion it would perhaps be drawing the lines too strictly to demand that morality should be the same in collective as in individual capacities. That is to say, individual virtue and morality are conceded and expected to be more uncompromising than the same qualities as exhibited in aggregations, from nations down to boards of supervisors. The most incorruptible man in private life has winked mildly at the peccadilloes of public men and public bodies, and has tolerated, as venial offenses, acts which, in any personal relation, he would have denounced as disgraceful. That this is so even the most rigid purist must admit. But although laxity in public and political morals seems to be entrenched in the toleration of public opinion, it is none the less deplorable. The great Law Giver never prescribed one rule for public and another for private life. "Thou shalt not steal" was intended for the legislator as well as for the merchant. The embezzler of public funds is as culpable as the pickpocket. The venal legislator deserves the pillory as much as the swindler in patent rights or "Bohemian Oats."

The toleration which the people have extended to this laxness in public morality is bearing bitter fruit in this Republic. We boast that free and pure government is no longer an experiment. That here we have demonstrated that, with all power lodged in the people, and with the mildest penal laws, republican government has been established on the bed rock of honesty and integrity. But in the light of recent transactions one might as well conclude that even in the American Republic true government is still tentative. A few illustrations will be sufficient. The President of the Republic has stooped to use his high prerogatives as rewards for contributions to campaign funds, and to coerce legislators into the support of measures of which their judgment disapproves. Members of the supreme legislature have violated their oaths and done violence to their convictions for the sake of political success. Dignified senators, constituents of the most august body in the world, have soiled their hands with speculative profits derived from sources created by their own legislation. The great municipal governments have become mere machines for the creation of private fortunes. Their police have degenerated into blackmailers, and the almost absolute power of the city constabulary is used for the protection of vice in its most repulsive forms. Nor is this confined to the larger municipalities. The small fry imitate the larger. Even in cities of four thousands and inhabitants the police have had "an itching palm," and gamblers have purchased immunity by feeding the officers of the law. Not only that, the "grave and revered seniors" who constitute the common council have suspended "for two nights only" the operation of penal laws, and have given official permission for vice to hold high carnival for that time, free from the terrors of the law. There is something refreshing and startling in the idea of legislatures enacting criminal statutes and then granting special indulgences for their violation. If carried to its logical conclusion we may expect permission for footpads to ply their trade once a year for a time not exceeding twenty-four hours.

Now, if there is any government that ought to be pure, it is a government of, by and for the people. Freedom and purity are twin sisters, nearest to all on earth to the embodiment of the angelic. In formulating our system of government our fathers contemplated that its officers should be men of pure morals and personal integrity. Leaders were to be teachers of good, not purveyors of evil. They were to be like the priests referred to in the text, men of stainless character, pure within and without, who should "teach my people the difference between the holy and profane, and cause them to discern between the unclean and the clean." The people want good government. They can have it if they will. But they can have it only when they choose as the framers and executors of their laws, men who, by precept and example, will teach the higher morality in public as well as in private life. When we shall have such men to make and administer our

laws, our government will cease to be an experiment and will become an assured and glorious success. So mote it be. Y.

Low Rates to Colorado.

On July 21st and 22nd the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs and return at exceedingly low rates; good for return passage until August 25th, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y. J53w

Low Rates to LaCrosse.

On account of the Bi-Annual Saengerfest of the Northwestern Saengerbund, at LaCrosse, Wis., July 12th to 15th, The North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to LaCrosse and return at greatly reduced rates. For dates of sale, limits of tickets, etc., apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y. J53w

American Federation of Labor.

You are all hereby notified to come to the Grand Opera House, July 7th, to transact business of importance to you all, also elect officers. All stock-holders are requested to come. J. M. Besaw. Com. J. W. Schurb.

Half Rates to Toronto.

On account of the convention of the Baptist Young people's Union of America, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Toronto, Ont., and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 17 and 18—good for return passage until August 7, 1894. For tickets and full information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y. J52w

Half Rates to the Seashore.

On account of the Annual Meeting of the National Educational Association, which will be held at Asbury Park, N. J., July 10th to 15th, the North-Western Line will, on July 7th and 8th, sell excursion tickets at practically one fare for the round trip, thus offering an exceptionally favorable opportunity to teachers and the public in general for a visit to one of the most delightful resorts on the Atlantic coast. For tickets and detailed information apply to Agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

For Sale at Retail.

No. four and six boards. No. two and cut dimension. Lath and shingles. STEVENS LUMBER CO.

Dry Wood.

Shingle Wood, 75 cts. per load. Slabs, \$1.00 per load.

Delivered to all parts of the city by A. Kincaid. Leave orders at Stevens & Son's mill office. 1yr

To The Public.

This is to notify the public that we the undersigned are going out of business after the first Tuesday in July 1894, and that all bills will be collected by Charley Asmundson by mutual agreement.

Signed, O. DAHLSTROM, CHAS. ASMUNDSON.

For Sale.

Good farming lands near Rhinelander for sale at reasonable figures. Also lots in Cohn, Bing & Stimmer's first, second and third additions to Rhinelander. Enquire of E. C. Sturdevant at the court house. 1211f

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MERCHANT'S STATE BANK

on the morning of July 2, 1894.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$131,903.55
Overdrafts.....	1,179.42
Fixtures.....	2,729.45
Due from banks.....	25,049.90
U. S. Nat. bank notes.....	5,044.00
Specie.....	3,958.00
Nickels and pennies.....	41.71
Checks and cash items.....	1,710.22
	\$172,146.55
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock.....	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus.....	15,000.00
Undivided profits.....	11,455.02
Acc'ts Sub. to ch'k.....	51,522.69
Dep'ts. Dem'd Cert. of Dep. Time.....	3,423.00
Due to banks.....	37,251.49
	734.55
	\$172,146.55

E. D. Brown, President, and M. H. Raymond, Cashier, being severally duly sworn, do say that the foregoing is in all respects a true and correct statement to the best of their knowledge and belief.

E. D. Brown, Pres. M. H. Raymond, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1894.

E. O. Brown, Notary Public.

SKELETON REEF.

A Tale of the Gold Fields of Old New Zealand.

Solomon's "Pakeha" (L. e. white man,) was a dapper-built, muscular sailor, with a jolly English face, bronzed by the southern sun, merry blue eyes, and a bright, cheery manner.

Jack—or "Haki," as the Maories called him—was a seaman on a whaling ship which cast anchor one day in the harbor of Coromandel, whither she had come for a supply of pork and fresh water.

The captain, a sort of Billy Hayes, was free and handy with belaying-pins, or any other weapon within reach when he wished to infuse energy into the crew. His mate, a burly Irish-Yankee, ably seconded the captain, as was evidenced by certain bumps on the heads of the crew which the most skillful phenologist would have been at a loss to read.

The owner of the ship was an ex-convict in Sydney—then called Botany Bay—who had varied wealthily on the profits of rum, and the "shanghaiing" of drugged sailors.

Jack had been sent ashore with a boat's crew, and, though there was little of the poetic or sentimental in his temperament, the charm of the scene had cast a glamour over him. The brilliant green of the forest, the bright-plumaged birds, and the warm glow of the summer sun made the place a paradise.

He was reclining in the boat, enjoying a quiet smoke, when he was suddenly roused from his reverie by the voice of a woman.

"Pakeha!" she said in a soft musical tone.

He stared at the girl smiling at him from the beach.

"Pakeha!"

"Aye, aye, miss," replied Jack.

"Tenakoe, Pakeha" (Salutations, white man).

"Same to you, miss, and many more on 'em."

"Homai te paipa" (Give me the pipe).

She pointed to the stump of a very black pipe which he held in his mouth. He understood the gesture, and then sat back and gazed at her with admiration as she squatted down on the sand and puffed out a cloud of smoke.

"Now this is what I call a social-like and chummy," said Jack.

He thought he had never beheld so fair a sight. She was in the bloom of womanhood, with a plump, well-developed figure, the outlines of which were only partially concealed by a loose print gown. Her light olive-colored features were regular, she had fine, expressive brown eyes, and long glossy black hair which fell over her neck and shoulders. But her full, ripe lips were disfigured with tattoo.

It was a case of love at first sight. They spoke to each other in language that was strange; but the blue eyes gazed tenderly into the brown, and there was no need of words to convey their meaning.

Jack was meditating on a declaration of his feelings off-hand, when the loud laughter and shouts of his returning shipmates rudely disturbed his love-dream, and the girl rose to her feet and fled, forgetting in her haste to return the pipe. He gazed after the flying figure, and a heavy sigh escaped him. He was dimly conscious that he had met his fate.

After this life on shipboard was intolerably monotonous. The fo'castle was like a dreary dungeon. He grew morose and absent-minded, and no longer joined in the rude songs and choruses.

"Hest if I don't think I'm a gettin' soft on the gal," he mused.

Next morning, when the ship was about to leave Coromandel harbor, the dingy was missing and Jack's bunk was vacant. The captain reflected that the dense forests were more gloomy and mysterious than the depths of the sea, and a search would be a futile waste of time. So the good ship Rebecca sailed away, and Jack watched her lessening on the horizon till she looked like a far-off sea bird aloft on the ocean. Then he emerged from his hiding place and bent his steps towards the Maori village, from the very spot where he had caught the last glimpse of a form which had been haunting him ever since. He came out upon a clearing in the forest, in the midst of which stood the native village, fortified with ditches and stout palisades. Even the pigs knew him for a stranger and ran with short, angry grunts out of his path, while the half-starved dogs, descendants of the pair landed by Capt. Cook, shook themselves out of the dust and snarled viciously.

The tribe welcomed him with open arms. A European was valued in those days in proportion to his worldly possessions or knowledge of the useful arts. Seamen were always in brisk demand in virtue of their skill in boat-craft, knotting and splicing and handy expedients.

So Solomon, the chief of the tribe, formally installed Jack as an honorary member, and set apart a reed-built hut for his use. He might have had a wife or two for the asking, but one image so filled his heart as to leave no room for another.

He found her in Solomon's house, to which he had been invited by the chief himself. She was smoking the identical old black pipe that he had lent her at their first meeting. She welcomed him with a bewitching smile, and he seated himself on the flax mat beside her.

"I'm in great luck," he thought. "She's the daughter of the old king."

Alas! for poor Jack. He did not know that the tattooing on the lips

was the seal of matrimony, and that his affections were misplaced. By means of expressive pantomimic signs and languishing glances, he succeeded in making the chief understand that he desired the hand of the lady in marriage.

He was surprised at the effect of this declaration. The young lady actually blushed through the rich olive of her complexion. Solomon looked grim, and his hand toyed with a tomahawk. The two other wives exchanged significant glances.

It was some time before Jack realized that he had sacrificed his share in the whale oil, and cut himself off from home and kindred in his hopeless passion for the third and favorite spouse of old Solomon. Then he rose up and went outside to hide his feelings, and vented his disgust in shocking language, which was fortunately unintelligible to the natives.

There was nothing for it but to reconcile himself to the inevitable, until some opportunity of escape presented itself.

It came about in course of time, as such things happen in the civilized world, that whenever the old chief went away on a fishing excursion Jack and Mrs. Solomon No. 3 enjoyed many a quiet flirtation. It was on one of these occasions that she pointed to the little gold rings in his ears, and made him understand that she knew a place where stuff of that kind could be found in profusion, lying on the surface like common stones. He was impatient to go to the spot at once, but he gathered from her signs that it would be dangerous.

There came a day when the chief went out to sea to fish for the great *whopoko*, and this was their opportunity. They pushed their way through a tangled maze of clinging vines and dense undergrowth, under gigantic trees which shut out the rays of the sun, floundered through foaming streams, climbed steep hills, until the guide pointed to a mass of white quartz cropping out of a spur. He scrambled over the loose boulders, examined the rock, and uttered a shout of delight. The stone was thickly intersected by veins of virgin gold. An inexhaustible treasure lay before him.

She could not understand why he should be so elated over yellow dross like that. She knew nothing of money. Her ideas of riches were centered in rum and tobacco. Had it been a rock of greenstone suitable for shaping into gods (tikis) or warlike weapons it would have been a treasure beyond compare, to be fought over to the death.

But there was Jack, gazing rapturously like one rooted to the spot, while the sun was rapidly going down in the west, and the precious time was fleeting and far out to sea she saw the great war canoes coming back to the shore. She tugged Jack's sleeve, and recalled him from vague memories of the adventures of Monte Cristo and the story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. There had floated confusedly through his mind visions of a boat or raft laden with the precious stone, and of himself and Mrs. Solomon No. 3 eloping to some distant land, where he would live out the rest of his days in the blissful enjoyment of unlimited grog and tobacco. He broke off a fragment of the rock and followed his guide down the ravine.

As the days wore on, the ways of Jack became eccentric and mysterious. He wandered away in the forest, and was sometimes absent for several days. The people tapped their foreheads, and whispered that he was *porangi* (mad), because of his separation from his kind. Once old Solomon, peeping into his house at night, saw him floating by the fire over a lot of glittering stones.

In course of time the sailor had accumulated quite a store of rich specimens, brought in pieces from the reef, which he buried secretly at night in the little patch of cultivation near the dwelling.

So the winter passed by, and the spring had come again, and old Solomon went away to a great feast at Tauranga, on the occasion of the scraping of the bones of departed chiefs, and their re-interment by the priests in the secret cave. He would be absent for several weeks, and would not return to the village until the last scraps of the great stores of *kumara* and dried sharks were consumed.

Safe for a time from the jealous vigilance of her lord and master, Mrs. Solomon No. 3 passed much of her time with Jack. They fished in the river, she taught him how to snare the pretty parrots and to weave chaplets of wild flowers. The days passed all too quickly, and Jack declared that he had never been so happy in his life.

It was a beautiful day on which they set out on their last visit to the great golden rock. The sun shone on the gleaming white quartz, making the crystal throw out prismatic rays. The little stream gurgled in the hollow, and lost itself on its way to the sea in distant murmurs. From afar came faintly borne on the breeze the muffled sound of the surf beating upon the shore.

As they climbed the hillside Jack trotted out a merry sea ditty with all the old vigor and swing of the fo'castle. The loose boulders afforded such precarious footing that he often found it necessary to hold the lady by the hand, and once or twice to support with his arm around her waist.

He was chipping away at the reef between snatches of song, pausing now and then to let the sun fall on some rich specimen, and chuckling softly at the sight of the gleaming gold, while his companion nestled close beside him with her great brown eyes bent on the rock. Hard by a cricket chirruped merrily, and the green and gold paroquets twittered among the foliage.

The silence was suddenly broken by a blood-curdling yell, followed instantly by a blinding flash and explosion from the opposite side of the rock, and poor Jack lay as lifeless as the piece of glittering stone which he still grasped in his fingers. A bullet from Solomon's gun had crashed through his brain!

The woman, bespattered with the blood of her murdered lover, fled with shrieks of terror down the mountain. The savage peered cautiously over the reef, with a malicious gleam in his little red, ferret eyes, and laughed softly. Then he came out of his hiding place, gave a vicious kick to the dead body, and strode away, leaving the remains to the wild dogs and birds of prey, with the fragment of quartz still glistening in the sunshine.

Old Solomon had been gathered to his ancestors in the secret cave. On the site of the former village stood a neat little cluster of European dwellings, a store, a smithy and a public house; and a great timber mill, where the whirr of the saw and jets of steam sounded from early morn until sunset.

Of the tribe only a miserable remnant remained. Had rum and disease had civilized the rest off the face of the earth. Tupued domed, whereon in bygone days no living thing might trespass on pain of death, was desecrated by alien feet. Only a few degraded survivors of a once numerous clan lingered on the scene—drunken, thievish, lying and landless—earning a precarious existence by the sale of fish and peaches; and always at the door of an old tumble-down hut sat an old, wrinkled, gray-haired hag, moaning and wringing her hands, and muttering incoherent disjointed lamentations.

One day the monotonous life of the place was broken by a startling discovery. A party of men engaged in excavating for the foundation of the first brick house, intended for the mill-owner's residence, had struck a rich find of auriferous quartz. At once the sacred thirst of gold seized upon the little community. The mill stood idle for lack of hands, and all the ground round about was studded with prospectors' shafts. But the discovery was only a patch, and experienced miners argued and fought over the mysterious "petering out" until it was given up as an insoluble problem, the like of which had never before baffled the human mind. So the whirr of the saw again sounded, and the men who had wasted time and money in vain search for the reef cursed their bad luck, and resumed their old humdrum life.

All but two rough-bearded men in ragged blue blouses and moleskin trousers, with their billycock hats slouched over their faces to keep off the flies, who fossicked about the gullies with a pick and shovel and tin dish, and bore the sarcasm of the saw-mill hands with grim imperturbability. Sometimes they "panned out" fair prospects, but the game was not worth the candle. Though they were in debt to the local storekeeper, they persevered in their search with a dogged persistence that was painfully ludicrous.

"Likely country round here, Bill," said one of them, as they climbed the face of a steep hill.

"Bah!" replied the other contemptuously. "Why, our blooming new elum could see with half an eye that this stone ain't good enough for road metal. Let's ding it, Joe."

"Not me, old man, while I can raise a pound of flour on 'tick,' or kill a wild porker. These indications is good enough."

"You was always pig-headed, Joe, and it's my belief as you'll stick here till you die, poking about among this muddle and burnt-out rubbish."

Further upvalley they climbed through a network of interlacing canes, sinking to their knees in soft moss and decayed vegetation or stumbling, with many a muttered oath, over projecting roots.

Suddenly the leading man halted and pointed to a great mass of white rock which rose up in front of him, gleaming like alabaster.

"Reef, by jingo!" he shouted, as he climbed over the loose stones which littered the ascent.

But again he came to a sudden stop, and pointed to some object on the ground.

It was the skeleton of poor Jack. "Nigger!" said Bill, laconically.

"No fear," replied Joe; "niggers don't wear boots, you fool. It's a white man, or what's left of him. Hallo! what's this? By thunder, it's a specimen! Bill, look! look! By Jupiter, we're struck it at last! The beggar was fossicking here and got dropped on. Poor devil! See! there's a hole in his skull!"

"I'll run twenty ounces to the ton," said Bill, examining the reef with a critical eye.

In less than a month there were twenty thousand people on that reef. The hillsides were covered with tents and shanties. Hundreds of stores and public houses sprang up as though by magic. Hardly a stick of growing timber was left standing. The thunder of hundreds of stampers at the crushing-mills, and the hum of a great multitude drowned the whirr of the saw.

The two lucky prospectors cleared fifty thousand pounds apiece out of that rock, which they christened "Skeleton Reef."

"Say, Joe," languidly remarked Bill, between whiffs from a fragrant Havana, as he lounged on a sofa in the smoking-room of the Grand hotel, "wasn't it a darned lucky thing that poor devil hung on to that there specimen like grim death to a nigger?"

"My word! But he must 'a' been a pig-headed sort or cove like me, you know."

"And what a slap-up, high-toned tombstone we shored over him!" rejoined Bill, disregarding the sarcasm.

"Must 'a' been a kinder comfort to him, too, for the way he got crushed and pegged out."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

The Moral Team.

One lady had just told the other that her husband played poker nearly every night.

"Well," was the exclamation, "I wouldn't let my husband do that."

"Neither would I," was the quiet response, "if he couldn't play any better than yours can."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PITH AND POINT.

"You may not have noticed it, but you will find that the man who shakes hands the hardest is the hardest to shake."—*Texas Sittings.*

"Murder!" "And how are you getting on with that Boston girl?" Jack—"Swimmingly. I've succeeded in breaking the ke."—*Harlem Life.*

"Husband—" "Why, woman couldn't go to the polls without an escort." Wife—"And man can't come away without two."—*Main Dealer.*

"Diner to waiter who brings the soup—" "Why didn't you take your finger out of that soup?" Waiter—"Oh, it isn't hot."—*Ellegende Blatter.*

"He (philosophically)—" "Do you approve of going to the theater?" She (practically)—"Oh! thank you; any night you like."—*Boston Home Journal.*

"Ethel—" "Was the wedding a very brilliant one?" Gladys—"Oh, very, very; they had to employ detectives to watch the wedding presents."—*Somerville Journal.*

"Very Sensitive."—*Habby—"So we are to have our old cook back again?"* Wife—"Yes; but you hadn't better let her hear you call her 'old.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Ob obise," said Uncle Eben, "time is money. But it do beat all how much easier 'tis ter gib a needy frien' two bounks talk 'bout economy dan 'tis ter len 'im fifty cents."—*Washington Star.*

"Flossie—" "I don't think I like Mr. Simpson for a Sunday-school teacher." Mamma—"Why not, dear?" Flossie—"He thought I was seven years old and I'm only six and a half."—*Inter-Ocean.*

"The man who can keep his temper when he attempts to drive his neighbor's chickens out of his garden through the same hole by which they came in need have no fears of Satan."—*Boston Transcript.*

"I wonder if Twinkins ever proposed to a girl." "Not completely." "What do you mean?" "Why, you see Twinkins stammers so that the girl always says 'No' before he concludes his remarks."—*Washington Star.*

"He—" "Mary, this milliner's bill is unusually large. I thought we had decided to be economical?" She—"And we have been; haven't you given up smoking and horse-racing and the club?"—*Lippincott's.*

"Gottrox has sent that wooden-headed son of his on an ocean voyage. I wonder what for?" "I understand somebody told him if there was anything in the boy the sea would bring it out."—*Buffalo Courier.*

"The Mother's Tenderness."—*Poor Tommy is in disgrace,* said Mrs. Figg to the friend of the family who had dropped in. "I have just had to give him a whipping. You can have no idea how much I hate to do such a thing. I am so tender-hearted." "I wish," sobbed Tommy, "that you were tender-hearted 'stead of tender-hearted."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

MET A FRIEND.

There Was a Little Mistake, But It Was a Pleasant One.

His face beamed with surprise and pleasure as on entering the great store he saw a friendly figure and features with which he was familiar confront him just within the door.

"I'm right glad to see you," he said, shifting the satchel he carried from his right arm to his left, and he was about to grasp the hand extended to him when a clerk touched him on the shoulder and inquired:

"What department, sir?"

"Department?" queried the old man, turning around. "Am I in the department? I reckoned it were only in Wash."

"This is the dress goods and mantle department," said the clerk blandly.

"Well, young man, I ain't lookin' for dress goods, and I dunno as we want another mantle, 'seem' as we her only one clock, and I made a shelf for that myself. I want a pair of suspenders if so be you keep them. But first I want to speak to my friend here."

He turned about and confronted the smiling face of his friend.

"I don't seem able to name you," he said regretfully; "it's kind of queer, too, when I know you by sight, as well as I do myself."

"Suspenders this way, in the gentleman's furnishing department," here interrupted the clerk.

"That's all right, young man; I don't keer which way they are there. I know how I want 'em, and I ain't agoin' to change my style of wearin' suspenders at my age. Now my friend here—"

He extended his hand expecting to grasp that of his friend, but his knuckles struck a cold, bare expanse of looking-glass let into the wall. Then he saw the face of the clerk over his shoulder, and he knew he had been fooled, and had mistaken the semblance of himself for an old friend. And he meekly followed the clerk, bought a pair of red, white and blue suspenders, and walked out of the "department."

"I guess I'll have a gaiter 'pinted fore I come to town agin," he remarked humbly as he left.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Quite Probable.

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Quite Probable.

"Pa," sobbed the newly-hatched chicken, "when they come and talk of spring chickens, does it mean that I must soon die?"

"No, my child," answered the chanticleer sadly. "It simply means that you are going to be an orphan in all probability."—*Detroit Tribune.*

Wouldn't Repeat.

"I am going to spend a week up at the Barker's in Riverdale," said Borely. "So Barker told me," said Cynicus.

"What did he say?"

"Well, really, Borely, I don't like to say. I never use profane language."—*Life.*

A Close Shave.

She—Who is the greatest American author?

He—Well, W. D. Howells has had his pictures in more papers than any other, but Richard Harding Davis knows more girls.—*Truth.*

REDEEMED THE BILLS.

Some of the Extraordinary Rescues Made by the Bank of France.

When a bank bill is utterly destroyed, the government or the bank which issued it is the gainer by the amount of the bill, for it is a promise to pay which no longer exists. But if enough of the note is left to constitute reasonable proof of its existence it must be paid. No more extraordinary rescues have ever been made, perhaps, than those which governments and governmental banks have performed in the case of mutilated currency.

Some extraordinary but well-authenticated stories of such rescues, performed by the Bank of France, are related. Not long ago a Parisian goat got hold of fifteen bank notes of a thousand francs each, and devoured them all. For a very short time he was an extremely valuable goat. He was soon slain, however, and all the bills were found, chewed up into bits and partially digested, in his stomach.

Strange to relate, they were, in due course of time, put together again at the bank and paid.

One day a sheep ate up a hundred-franc note belonging to a butcher. The butcher ran into the house of a friend, seized a breech-loading gun, loaded it and shot the sheep. He had no sooner done this than the owner of the gun rushed up.

"That was an expensive shot of yours for me," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked the butcher.

"Well," said the other, "I had seventy francs in bills hidden in the barrel of that gun."

The sheep's carcass was pretty thoroughly searched, and enough of the pieces of the notes recovered so that the bank redeemed them all.

More commonplace incidents of this sort are continually reported at the bank. Now and then an excited family—man, wife and children—rush into the bank. The children, left alone at home, have found some "pretty pictures" and cut them up with scissors. The pictures turn out to be bank-bills, and when the parents return, they take "pictures," children and all to the bank as evidence.

The bills are put together and redeemed; the family go home happy, but the children never again cut up anything valuable.

A not infrequent occurrence is the leaving of bank-notes in the pockets of linen vests which are sent to be washed. Perhaps the washerwoman looks in the pockets, but very likely she does not, but puts vest and bank-notes into the suds. Bills treated in this manner are very hard to restore; for the rubbing and the washing preparations very nearly efface all evidence that the pulpy mass has once been money.

Earned money is sometimes restored. A man came home, took out a letter, cut the envelope across the end and took out three hundred francs in bills. In his absence his wife put the bills back in the envelope. The man returned, and, taking what he supposed was merely the envelope, threw it into the fire.

TIED UP.

Spread of the A. R. U.'s Strike Against Pullman.

It Grows at an Alarming Rate—Situation in Chicago—Strikers Record Their First Victory—Railroads Will Fight.

A GENERAL TIE-UP.

CHICAGO, June 28.—At 1 o'clock this morning the officials of the Illinois Central railroad gave out the information that their line from Chicago to New Orleans had been tied up by the secession of every switchman in their employ. All the towermen, switchtenders and switching engine crews in Chicago and suburbs struck at midnight.

When the switchmen and tenders went out a mob which soon grew from 500 to 2,000 switchmen, Pullman strikers and sympathizers, gathered at Grand Crossing and stopped all Illinois Central trains but one that attempted to pass. They also stopped the Pennsylvania trains. At 10 o'clock there were nine trains of the former road and six of the latter blocking the tracks centering at Grand Crossing. The switchmen say they have struck in sympathy with the Pullman strikers and in accordance with the plans of the American Rail way union.

More Roads Practically Tied Up. CHICAGO, June 29.—Absolute and complete paralysis of the railway traffic throughout the west was the condition of affairs that greeted President Debs and Vice President Howard, of the American Railway union, on their arrival at the union headquarters. If ever labor officials had reason to congratulate themselves upon the successful prosecution of a great railway battle, Messrs. Debs and Howard could compliment each other. Reports brought in from various committees showed that every road running out of Chicago—except the Rock Island and "Wagnerian" roads—is tied up. The list of roads affected by the boycott is:

Santa Fe, Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, Western Indiana, Pan-Handle, Missouri, Grand Trunk, Chicago & Erie, Illinois Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Chicago Great West, Wisconsin Central, Cincinnati Southern, Northwestern.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul bore the first attack of the morning and the Chicago & Northwestern was wheeled into the line of "cripples." The Chicago & Alton, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Fort Wayne were also put on the strikers' lists. When the Panhandle started its trains into the city over the Fort Wayne tracks the switchmen on that road went out in a body. They were joined by the tower men, and it was reported that the whole system of the Fort Wayne terminals was tied up at 11 o'clock.

The shop men of the Illinois Central, 1,100 in number, left at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, saying they would not resume operations until the boycott was raised or the employing companies refused to handle Pullman cars.

Anti-Strikers. Considerable feeling has been aroused among the colored people of this city by the action of the American Railway union convention, which drew the color line and barred negroes from the union while in session last week. A meeting of colored men was held and an organization known as the "Anti-Strikers' Railroad union" was formed. L. R. Stephens was elected president of the union and all other officers were also elected. It is the intention of this organization to fight the American Railway union, the president declares, and the members say they will take the places of members of the railway union should the latter go out on a strike.

Situation in Chicago. Suburban service on the Illinois Central road was practically paralyzed all day Thursday as well as on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois and other roads leaving the Dearborn station and the Grand Central. Mail trains entered and left Chicago with a near approach to regularity and no Pullman car was hindered. But the freight service of many roads was seriously endangered, many refusing to take any more perishable merchandise for shipment. The Northwestern and Illinois Central railways delivered all perishable goods, the officials in many cases acting as switch crews to aid in this work. The list of roads now affected is as follows:

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, Chicago & Western Indiana (both lines), Chicago & Erie, Chicago & St. Louis (Pan-Handle), Louisville, New Albany & Chicago (Monon), Chicago & Grand Trunk, Chicago & Erie, Illinois Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Chicago Great Western (Maple Leaf), Wisconsin Central, Cincinnati Southern, Chicago & Northwestern, Chicago & Alton, Union Pacific, Denver & Rio Grande, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Chicago & Eastern Illinois, Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Union Stock Yards & Transit company.

St. Paul Fields.

Every Pullman car on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad was sidetracked by the management of the road Thursday and President Debs, of the American Railway union, marked down victory No. 1. When this action was taken the men of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul were on the point of striking, but as soon as the notice telling the American Railway union that the road had acceded to the demand that no Pullman car be handled by the company was received at headquarters orders were sent to the employees to make up trains as usual, and do all in their power to aid the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. In a short time the trains were moving out of the north end of the Union depot as though no Pullman boycott was in progress.

Mobile & Ohio Gives In.

Soon after the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul had given in a report was received at headquarters from St. Louis that the Mobile & Ohio railroad had given in and would sidetrack its Pullman cars. The two surrenders

coming together raised the enthusiasm of the strikers to the highest pitch. In the Far West.

Telegrams received by President Debs from towns all along the Northern Pacific and Santa Fe state that every man has quit work. No Pullman sleepers left Los Angeles nor San Diego. At Emporia and Birchfield Kan., all men on the Santa Fe are out. From Billings, Butte City, Missoula, Livingston, Duluth, Little Falls and Elliston come the same reports.

Pool Issues. All the twenty-one lines entering Chicago, have agreed to pool issues and bear jointly the expenses of the strike, whether the road is affected or not. They declare they will fight the boycott to the bitter end.

Steamboats Profit by the Strike. The strike on the railroads is diverting great quantities of freight to the steamboat lines which have rail connections on the other side of Lake Michigan. The Big Four turned all its freight for Cincinnati and the southeast to St. Joseph, and the Michigan Central diverted freight wherever possible to the lines touching at its points on the other side of the lake.

A Setback for the A. R. U. CHICAGO, July 2.—The General Managers' association has announced that no striker would ever be employed by the road whose services he quits, and that all men refusing to perform their duties are to be instantly discharged and never reemployed.

The Illinois Central was driven back Friday night in the fight between the railroad companies and their striking employees. It telegraphed orders to its agent in Cairo to take the Pullman cars off one of the ten trains which were held there by the strikers and hurry it through to Chicago as fast as possible.

Considering the importance of the road; its admitted fighting qualities, the terrible pressure which the American Railroad union brought to bear on the entire system, and the bold front presented from the beginning by its general officers, the strikers claim that this order sent to Cairo is evidence that the road is weakening.

Debs received two setbacks during the day, one from the Order of Railway Conductors, who told him they had nothing in common with him and would not aid him in any way, and the other from the Switchmen's Mutual Aid association, which politely declined his offer to go "on strike" with him.

Station Baggagemen Strike. The station baggagemen on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, the Wabash, the Grand Trunk, Louisville, New Albany & Chicago, the Chicago & Erie, and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe roads, running into the Dearborn station, went out at noon.

Five Thousand out at Dearborn. CINCINNATI, June 30.—Fully 5,000 men are out here. The switchmen and other yard employees struck at 7 a. m. At 10 o'clock they were joined by the men in the yards at Ludlow, Covington and Newport across the river. No attempts are made to make up or move freights. Superintendents and office men are making up the passenger trains that go out.

Ten Mail Trains Held. CAIRO, Ill., July 2.—Ten mail trains and one local passenger were on Saturday lying idle in the Illinois Central yards and three tons of United States mails were detained at the passenger depot.

A SOUTHERN TRAGEDY. The Slayer of a Texas and His Wife Lynched by a Mob. GREENVILLE, Tex., July 2.—At 9 o'clock Wednesday night while Albert Waits and his wife were walking near their home at Sulphur Springs 30 miles east of here, they were fired on by John Williams. Mrs. Waits was killed instantly, Mr. Waits dying a few hours later. Williams had been in their employ, but was discharged for stealing. A posse captured the murderer near Weaver. An angry mob overpowered the guards who had taken the prisoner back to Sulphur Springs and swung him up to a telegraph pole.

KILLED BY AN EXPLOSION. Two Miners Try to Dry Squibs Over a Lamp with Fatal Results. FORT DODGE, Ia., June 28.—Two miners named Michaelson and Jones were fatally injured at the mining town of Gostania by the explosion of a can of blasting powder. They were trying to dry squibs over a lamp when a spark from one flew into a can of powder, causing the explosion. Michaelson has since died and Jones cannot live. The faces of both men were horribly disfigured.

Japanese Are Shot Out. BOSTON, June 29.—Japanese, according to a decision handed down by Judge Colt in the United States circuit court, are not eligible to citizenship. Being of the Mongolian race, they come within the scope of the Chinese exclusion act, according to the judge. The case came up on the application of Shebata Naito, which was heard about a month ago, for naturalization.

Murdered and Robbed. PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 28.—Tuesday, Anne Kapzuna, a Polish woman was found by her husband lying on the floor of their home enwrapped in a blanket and dead. Blood was oozing from her mouth and ears. It is supposed that she had been murdered. Three hundred and seventy-five dollars that was in the house is missing.

Killed His Son-in-Law. DENVER, Tex., June 29.—J. A. Wright went to a field where his son-in-law, J. T. Glover, was plowing and shot and killed him. Family troubles were the cause. Wright surrendered to the authorities.

Fought at Waterloo. NEW YORK, June 28.—On Tuesday Henry Muller celebrated his 100th birthday here. He marched to Napoleon in the French army under Napoleon and served against him at Waterloo. He is the oldest of Uncle Sam's veterans.

MET AT DENVER.

Annual Convention of the Republican National League.

DESTER, Col., June 28.—The seventh annual convention of the National Republican league was called to order at 10 a. m. The Broadway theater was handsomely decorated for the occasion with the Stars and Stripes and a mass of foliage and growing flowers and was filled to overflowing with 1,500 delegates and representative republicans from every state in the union. The address of President Tracy was enthusiastically received.

The roll call followed immediately after the president's address and showed forty states and territories represented—the largest meeting in the history of the organization. Some of the delegations were very large. Before adjournment a motion was adopted that the president and secretary be authorized to prepare and transmit to Mrs. Carnot and the republic of France the sense of the league on the assassination of President Carnot. The motion was carried without a dissenting vote.

The Platform of Principles Adopted at the Denver Convention.

The representatives of the National League of Republican Clubs of the United States, in convention assembled at the capital of the Centennial state, bow their heads in sorrow and humiliation at the spectacle of incapacity which the democratic party presents in our country and deplore the calamities which the giving of power to the present administration has brought upon our people. We congratulate the American people that this administration was compelled by public opinion to abandon its unwise and unpopulous policy.

In contrast with the shameful record of the democratic party, we exult over the record of glory which the republican party has made. Its achievements and its triumphs, extending over thirty years, establish it as the most material and enlightened political organization that has ever existed.

In the face of the present disaster to our country it is with increased solemnity that we once more renew our allegiance to the republican party and proclaim its cardinal principles.

We believe in a free ballot and a fair count, and we demand the right to cast one free ballot in any election and to have that ballot honestly counted as cast. It is a noteworthy fact that the democratic party in congress, consistently in nothing else, was unanimous for the repeal of the federal election laws, thus openly confessing its hostility to the free ballot.

We declare our belief in the doctrine of protection to American labor, American industries and American homes. We also believe in such reciprocal trade with the nations as will increase the market for the products of our farms, factories, forests and mines without lessening the wages and degrading the labor of our people. We denounce the proposed vicious and destructive legislation known as the Wilson bill, and earnestly appeal to the republican United States senators to prevent its passage by all honorable means.

We believe in the use of gold and silver as money metals, maintained on a perfect parity and interconvertibility. We do not believe that there will be a permanent return of prosperity to our country until the full use and highest position of silver shall be restored, and we favor such legislation as will bring about this result.

The republican party is the constant friend of the soldiers and sailors of the union. The promises and pledges of the democratic party to the defenders of the republic before election were false and fraudulent and have been shamefully disregarded since election. We condemn the treatment now accorded the heroes of the war and the crippled defenders of the flag and to the widows and orphans of our dead patriots as unfair and cruelly unjust.

We are most heartily in favor of the prompt admission into the union of the territories of Utah, New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma and we condemn the policy of the democratic administration in excluding and depriving them of their rights.

We demand that new safeguards be incorporated in our immigration and naturalization laws to prevent unworthy immigrants from landing on our shores and from obtaining citizenship.

We again commend to the favorable consideration of the republican clubs of the United States as a matter of education the question of granting suffrage to women.

We congratulate the women of Colorado and Wyoming on their possession of the elective franchise, and we cordially invite their cooperation in the work of rescuing the country from democratic and populist misrule.

The report of the committee on resolutions was adopted by a unanimous vote. W. W. Tracy was reelected president of the National Republican league in the afternoon by acclamation, Col. E. A. McAlpine, of New York, having sent a telegram instructing the New York delegation to withdraw his name. A. R. Humphrey, of New York, was reelected secretary.

HOPEFUL VIEWS. A Better Feeling Is Reported in Trade Circles.

NEW YORK, June 30.—Bradstreet's weekly review of trade says:

"While there is no actual improvement in business throughout the country there are more favorable reports by reason of increasing activity in the work of reselling the country from democratic and populist misrule. The report of the committee on resolutions was adopted by a unanimous vote. W. W. Tracy was reelected president of the National Republican league in the afternoon by acclamation, Col. E. A. McAlpine, of New York, having sent a telegram instructing the New York delegation to withdraw his name. A. R. Humphrey, of New York, was reelected secretary."

The ending of the great bituminous coal strike is promptly followed by a sympathetic strike of railroad employees, which threatens disastrous effect on business by reason of interference with the transportation of freight. Losses on perishable freight in transit are already reported. Other unfavorable features include a conference of Rhode Island cotton mill owners as to the advisability of shutting down, owing to accumulation of stocks, heavy arrearages of interest on the bonds of the state, which are already large; delay in settling the coal strike, which prevents many industrial establishments from starting up; an extremely restricted volume of business among wholesale dealers in clothing at Baltimore, 41 per cent of what it was in the first half of last year; delayed orders from country merchants in Georgia and South Carolina, where crop damage has been threatened, and a sharp restriction in the volume of general trade at Chicago, where the railway strike rages. At New Orleans trade in all lines is smaller. At Nashville and Birmingham, Ala., it is dull and without sign of early improvement, which is true also at Portland.

The total number of actual business failures in the United States in the last six months (figures in which assets are less than liabilities) is 4,329, which is more than in any preceding similar period, an increase of 46 per cent. The total number of failures in 1902 and 1903 was 2,957, and in the six months in 1902 the present tendency is shown by the fact that while at the end of the first quarter of the current year the increase over the like period of last year was 800 failures, the increase in the second quarter was 1,000 failures. It is only 29 failures. Total liabilities of failing traders for the six months are \$2,550,000, assets being 34 per cent of that total. These aggregates are each less than one-half of what they were for six months in 1902, and smaller than in six months of 1903 as well. Unfavorable conditions show striking increase in numbers of failures, and Illinois and Kansas noteworthy decreases.

Knights of Labor asked Senator Kyle to introduce a bill in congress to permit the detachment of Pullman cars from trains.

IN CARNOT'S PLACE.

M. Casimir-Perier Elected to Succeed the Assassinated President.

PARIS, June 29.—M. Casimir-Perier, president of the chamber of deputies, was elected president of the third republic by the congress of both houses of parliament. The national assembly consisting of the members of the senate and chamber of deputies, numbered 822, and Casimir-Perier received 451 votes on the first ballot. The result was announced amid great cheering and the new president was overwhelmed with congratulations, among the first to extend these being M. Dupuy, the premier. The scene was a very brilliant one. The election took place in the great hall or theater of the palace which has witnessed so many memorable events in the history of France under the republic, the Napoleons and the Bourbons. Here it was that on January 18, 1871, King William of Prussia, whose armies held Paris, was proclaimed German emperor.

The ministers formally tendered their resignations to him. Casimir-Perier requested them to remain in office. It is doubtful, however, whether Dupuy, the prime minister, will retain office. It is expected, in the event of his insisting upon his resignation being accepted, that the president will summon Burdeau to form a cabinet.

ITALIANS FLEE FROM FRANCE.

ROME, June 29.—Many Italian workmen who were driven out of Marseilles, Lyons and Grenoble are returning to Italy. They tell of outrageous brutalities committed by unreasoning Frenchmen. They declare that many Italians in French towns have been wounded and that some have died of their injuries, but that the authorities are concealing the facts. Dispatches on the subject are being actively exchanged between Rome and Paris.

SANTO'S TRIAL SET FOR JULY 23. LYONS, France, June 29.—The trial of Cesarino Santo, the anarchist assassin of President Carnot, is to take place July 23.

FATAL STORMS.

Many Homes in Minnesota and South Dakota Suffer from Cyclones.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 30.—Southwestern Minnesota and eastern South Dakota have suffered severely from a series of wild storms of cyclonic tendencies. They traveled from southwest to northeast and there were three of unusual severity. The fatalities are as follows:

THE KILLED. Mr. Gorman, Milaca, Minn.; Mrs. G. T. Hicks, Pipestone, Minn.; Miss Johnson, Larimore, N. D., killed by lightning; Miss Jennie Lindstrom, of St. Paul, killed at Farina, Minn.; Charles Nietke, Sleepy Eye, Minn.; Henry Rhody, Larimore, N. D., killed by lightning; Mrs. Samuel Koch, Westington, S. D.; Mrs. Sanders, Littlefield, Minn.; Miss Nina Swift, near Aberdeen, S. D.; Wabesky, a baby, at Glencoe.

FATALITY INJURED.

Mrs. Mohannah, Pipestone, Minn.; Schmidt, child of John, Sleepy Eye, Minn.; John Weiss, Cold Springs, Minn.; John Winkie, Prairie, Minn.; Jacob Winkie, son of John, Prairie, Minn.

The westernmost storm arose in South Dakota and traversed the east end of the state, striking Alpena, Mellette, St. Lawrence and Aberdeen. The central storm was first heard of at Pipestone, in the southwest corner of this state. It passed over Tracy and Echo and Minville. Littlefield was struck by a later cyclone. The northernmost point in the central part of the storm's path was Collegeville, in Stearns county. The eastern end of the storm started in Windom, Minn. It struck Sleepy Eye with great fury. Minneapolis caught the tail end of the blow. It swept across the city, dipping low near Lake Harriet.

Frederick's Insanity. CHICAGO, June 28.—Judge Payne rendered a decision Tuesday afternoon which will have an important bearing on the insanity inquiry. The confines of the inquiry have been disputed for some time. While Mr. Darrow was examining Dr. L. R. Head he asked how long in the doctor's opinion Frederick had been insane. This raised the vital question. Objections being made by the state Judge Payne said:

"I have been waiting for this point to be raised. I shall instruct the jury that if the prisoner's condition is the same as it was on February 24 last, then it will have to be found by the verdict rendered by the first jury. As I see it now, it must be proved that Frederick became insane since judgment was pronounced upon him. No matter if he is proved insane at present, it must be shown that he became so since February 24. Otherwise we should have to disregard the verdict of the jury in the first case, which said that he was sane."

Failure in Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 28.—J. C. Seasholtz & Co., the well-known dry goods firm on Fourth street, have made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. An inventory taken the first of the year showed assets \$149,000 and liabilities \$52,000. The firm claim the liabilities have since been reduced. The creditors are mainly eastern merchants. Slow collections and the pressure of eastern claims caused the assignment.

To Prison for Two Years.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 28.—George A. Daze, convicted of conspiracy to wreck the Commercial national bank, was sentenced to two years imprisonment, and left here Tuesday night in charge of two deputy United States marshals for Kings county prison, New York. So great was the crowd at the depot that the services of policemen were required to keep them back. Daze's leave taking of his wife was very affecting.

Santo Chosen by Lot.

MARSEILLES, July 2.—It is now established that a regular plot in which a number of people were concerned, existed to assassinate the president. The final meeting of the conspirators took place at Cete and Santo was there chosen by lot to commit the actual murder.

Nominated for Governor.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 28.—William M. Singler, of Philadelphia, was nominated for governor by acclamation by the democratic convention in session here.



Admitted to be the finest preparation of the kind in the market. Makes the best and most wholesome bread, cake, and biscuit. A hundred thousand unsolicited testimonials to this effect are received annually by its manufacturers. Its sale is greater than that of all other baking powders combined.

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

He—"I wonder how it was first discovered that fish was a brain food?" She—"Probably by the wonderful stories that men tell who go fishing."—Ham's Horn.

Only 14 Cities

In United States in 1870 had population over 100,000, but in 1890, 24 and Ten North-Western Lines in Best Line from Minneapolis and St. Paul to a large number of them.

Hogs—"Pigs is prospering, isn't he?" Hatch—"Oh, yes. He's got now to where he can sass his butcher."—Judge.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effort and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California Liquid Lavative Syrup of Peps, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

Three years' undisturbed possession of a setter dog will destroy the veracity of the best man in America.—Texas Siftings.

Peace Pipe

Is enjoyed by Indians but the traveler who likes comfort enjoys smoking from the Buffet Smoking Coach on the North-Western.

There popularity is not the popularity which is followed after, but the popularity which follows after.—Lord Mansfield.

Long Sarcasm, James C. Tenn. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I think your "Favorite Prescription" was the preservation of my life. I was under the impression that I had a cure for three months with womb disease and a gradual wasting all the time. I was so weak that I could not be raised in bed when I commenced taking the "Prescription," and by the time I had taken three bottles I was up and going wherever I pleased, and have had good health and been very strong ever since. That was four years ago. I have recommended it to a good many of my friends, and they have taken it and are highly pleased. Yours truly, G. A. SPRIGGS.

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

The Genuine De Long Par. Hook AND EYE has on the face and back of every card the words:

See that hump?

Richardson & De Long Bros., Philadelphia.

IT TOLD YOU SO.

Mirandy Hanks and Betsy Swan, Talked on, and on, and on, and on: "Mirandy, surely you're not through Your washing, and your scrubbing, too?"

"Yes! Mrs. Swan, two hours ago, And everything's as white as snow; But then, you see, it's all because I use the SOAP called SANTA CLAUS."

SANTA CLAUS SOAP.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago.

WHITMAN'S BALING PRESSES

VICTORIOUS IN EVERY CONTEST.

The most complete line in America. Revised more than 100 times in past 25 years and all other combined. Highest awards at World's Fair and in Every Other Contest. Not the Cheapest, but guaranteed The Best. Many valuable improvements for 1904. 50c per steel wire. Also manufactures Large Live-Stock Machinery, including Grain Drills, (Over 1000), Feed Mills, Horse Powers, etc. Send for Catalogue and Price List. WHITMAN AGRICULTURAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

The Lewis Hardware Company.

Building Materials, Gasoline Stoves and Refrigerators Cheaper than the Cheapest.

THE SECRET.

"Success required not something new
To win applause and recognition,
But doing that which others do
Beyond their range of competition."

THAT'S WHAT WE DO

We are not like the hind wheel of a wagon,

Always Following in an old Rut,

But we are Pushers, always striving for a still larger
Business.

We are not Simply "DEALERS IN DRUGS," but we are

PRACTICAL PHARMACISTS,

And our Care, Skill and Precision in Dispensing Insures our Customers the
Best Possible Results and Guarantees them against errors.

WHO FILLS YOUR

Prescriptions and Family Receipts

We make a Specialty of this Department.

WE MAKE NO CHARGE FOR DELIVERING GOODS.

Prescriptions left at our Pharmacy by your physician or sent to us will receive our best at-
tention, and the medicine will be promptly sent to your home.

DON'T BLAME THE PHYSICIAN

If medicine prescribed by him does not have the desired
Effect. Results are generally prompt and satisfactory
when reliable drugs are used.

DRUGS OF EXTRA PURITY A SPECIALTY!

All Drugs and Medicines used in Prescriptions, or sold are of the Best Quality.

STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES

in stock also a large stock of the

Finest American and Imported Perfumes.

TOILET SOAPS, and

TOILET ARTICLES

Palace Drug Store.

A. H. MARKS & CO.

RHINELANDER, WIS.

CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE.

"When we began to feel chilly, we walked on again, keeping under the trees with the hope of finding some animal that might serve us for food, the snowdrift that edged the wood being our guide.

Gordon had provided himself with a stout stick, but we saw no sign of living creature the whole day, and the only thing we found to eat was some frozen moss and a leathery kind of lichen. On and on we went, skirting the edge of the plain, through the interminable forest, until the light began to fail; then we went out and looked beyond the drift. The boundless plain, with the edging of black pines, was all we saw—nothing else.

"We must think now of making our selves comfortable for the night," said Gordon as we re-entered the forest. "We will have a good fire at any rate."

Fuel was not wanting. The edge of the wood was strewn with broken wood—limbs torn from the trees by the gales that swept across the plain, or broken down in former winters by the weight of ice and snow. We collected a great heap, and having built the foundation of our fire Gordon, with infinite care, struck one of his precious matches and lit the pile of dry leaves and fir cones. I knew then why I had refrained from smoking all day. Our lives depended on those vestas, for if they gave out before we could get a fresh supply we must freeze to death.

As soon as the fire was well alight we scraped a narrow trench, about six feet long, in the thick bed of fir needles facing the fire, and framing a kind of roof over it with pine branches piled a mass of twigs and rubbish of all kinds on top so as to exclude the cold air. We both worked with a will, leaving off now and then to put fresh fuel on the fire, and when it was finished felt very well satisfied with our performance.

"Now," said Gordon when we had put the finishing touch to the roof, "creep inside, mademoiselle, and see if you can get a few hours' sleep."

"But we have got to make another shelter for you," said I.

"No one will serve us both—turn and turn about. It won't do to let the fire go down, you know."—It was in this way he disguised his fear of attack by wolves—"and I promise you to take my full share of rest as soon as you have had yours."

I crept into the trench, and stretching myself out at full length found that the springy fir needles made a better bed than the hard planks of the kameras. It was pleasantly warm, too, with the heat thrown out by the fire.

Gordon seated himself at the opening, with his heavy stick beside him, and with a deep sigh of satisfaction lit the first pipe of the day. I was glad to see the happy content in his face as he slowly smoked, and the leaping flames of the fire beyond him. Indeed, but for the craving of hunger, I had no reason to complain, but a good deal to be thankful for.

It was not long before I dropped off, and I slept soundly, as it seemed to me, for a good long while. But when I awoke Gordon declared that it was not yet time to think about changing the watch; so, not unwillingly, but perhaps selfishly, I dropped off again.

I awoke a second time to find him still patiently sitting on guard at my feet, but he gave me the same answer and would not permit me to take his place. And when, after a third space of sleep, he allowed me to come out, I saw by the gray light between the trees that the night was past. Then having piled more wood on the fire, and handed his stick over to me with instructions to give him "a crack over the toes" with it if I heard the slightest sound or detected any movement in the surrounding trees, he crawled into the trench, and in a few minutes was snoring sonorously.

In a couple of hours he came out, protesting that he could sleep no longer, and having nothing to detain us we recommenced our onward march.

I have no need to dwell on this part of my history, for further testimony to the patient courage, generosity and unceasing kindness of George Gordon is unnecessary, and nothing seemed to break the terrible monotony of our journey through the dreary forest until the fourth day of our escape. In the afternoon of that day we came upon a road cut through the forest and detaching upon the plain. This discovery threw us into a state of intense excitement. It was like a vision of water in the desert.

Not a soul was in sight, but there were marks of sledge runners in the snow which had fallen the day before.

"It's not a main road—that is evident by its narrowness," said Gordon, grasping my hand.

"What shall we do?" I asked, trembling violently.

"If it only leads to a farm, we're all right. No one would be so inhuman as to refuse us food, seeing how pinched and done up we are. If, on the other hand, it leads to a town—why, then, we stand a good chance of being made prisoners again. What do you say to stopping here while I go on and reconnoiter?"

"No, no. If you go on, I will go with you."

"And hope for the best," he added sturdily, pressing my arm to his side and stepping out.

The road seemed as endless and deserted as the forest itself. Then, leaning more and more heavily on Gordon's arm, I plodded wearily on, with feet that seemed to cling to the ground, until my companion, seeing that my strength was well nigh spent, said:

"I'm done up, my dear girl. Let us stop for the night. We can dream of having a good supper—that will become satisfaction—and then tomorrow we will realize our dream."

"If we could only go to sleep and never wake again!" I murmured faintly.

"Ah, you'll not say that when we get a loaf of black bread and some salt before us," he replied, smacking his lips. We craved for nothing beyond that simple fare.

We made our usual preparations for the night.

"One more," said Gordon, closing his box after taking out a match to light the fire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ripans Tablets have come to star.
Ripans Tablets move the bowels.

For Sale at Retail.

No. four and six boards.
No. two and end dimension.
Lath and Shingles.

STEVENS LUMBER CO.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, COUNTY COURT FOR
ONIDA COUNTY.

In the matter of the estate of J. J. Adams.

Joseph J. Adams, deceased. In Probate.
Notice is hereby given that the claims and demands of all persons against Joseph J. Adams, deceased, late of the city of Rhinelander in said county, will be received and examined and adjusted by the County Court of Onida County, at the general term of said court, to be held at the office of the County Clerk in the city of Rhinelander in said county, on the first Tuesday of August, 1911, and on the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1912.

Notice is also given that after the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1911, is the time limited for creditors of said Joseph J. Adams, deceased, to present their claims to said court for examination and allowance.

Dated July 2nd, 1911.

By order of the court.

Jas. W. McCORMICK, County Judge.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the payment of the sum of Three hundred and seven and 30/100 Dollars, claimed to be due at the date of this notice upon a certain real estate mortgage dated on the 25th day of March 1904, made and executed by Benjamin Kennedy and Emeline Kennedy his wife the mortgagee to George J. Tripp mortgagee, and which said mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Onida County, Wisconsin, on the 1st day of April 1904, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon in Volume 5 of Mortgages on page 124, and no action at law or otherwise having been commenced to recover the amount due on said mortgage, and the power of sale in said mortgage having become operative by reason of the aforesaid default.

Now, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of said power of sale, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed, and the lands and premises therein described as follows to-wit: A piece of parcel of land located as follows to-wit: Commencing at a point in the center of the county road where the North line of Lot two (2) in Section Eleven (11) Township Thirty Eight (38) North of Range Nine (9) East crosses said road; thence North, West on the North line of said Lot Two, twelve chains and forty four links; thence South over Lake, Nineteen chains; thence East eight chains; thence South two chains; thence East four chains and thirty seven links to center of said county road; thence North, easterly along the center of said road to place of beginning, all in Onida County, Wisconsin, will be sold at public auction by the sheriff of said County of Onida or his Under-Sheriff, on the 25th day of July, 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day at the front door of the First National Bank in the city of Rhinelander, Wisconsin, for the purpose of paying the aforesaid amount due on said mortgage, with the solicitors fees therein provided, and costs of sale.

Dated June 4, 1911.

FRED R. TRIPP, Adm'r.
J. J. Adams, Dec'd.

Circuit Court—ONIDA COUNTY.

MILTON STOLIVER, Plaintiff.

vs.

ACELLA STOLIVER, Defendant.

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.—To the said De-

endant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within

twenty days after the service of this summons,

exclusive of the day of service, and defend the

above entitled action in the court aforesaid, and

to answer to the complaint, which is filed in the

office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Onida

County, Wisconsin.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Court,

this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1911.

By the Court.

ATTORNEYS—

ALBAN & BARNES,

Attorneys at Law.

Collections promptly attended to.

Office over Spafford & Cole's

MILLER & McCORMICK,

Attorneys at Law.

Collections promptly attended to.

Office over First National Bank

L. J. BILLINGS,

Attorney & Counselor.

Rhinelander, Wis.

DILLETT & WALKER,

Attorneys at Law.

Office on Davenport Street.

Rhinelander, Wis.

PAUL BROWNE,

Attorney at Law.

Collections a Specialty.

Rhinelander, Wis.

A. W. SHELTON,

Attorney at Law.

Special attention paid to domestic law and

real estate.

Rhinelander, Wis.

PHYSICIANS.

T. B. McINDOE,

Physician & Surgeon.

Rhinelander, Wis.

Office Corner Brown and Davenport Streets.

H. C. KEITH,

Physician & Surgeon.

Office in Brown's Block.

Rhinelander, Wis.

F. L. HINMAN,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office in Anshutz & Hinman's Drug Store.

Night calls from Rhinelander, N. W. Corner Court

House Square.

Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

FINANCIAL.

MERCHANTS STATE BANK,

Capital \$50,000. Surplus \$15,000.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Brown Street.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

of Rhinelander.

Capital and Surplus \$50,000.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Bank Corner Davenport and Stevens Street

Spafford & Cole.



Shoes and Slippers seem

to be the strongest department

in our general stock. They

are all prices and almost all

kinds and almost without num-

ber. The only reason we

keep cheap goods is to match

snide competition. Our spec-

ialty is on custom work.

Shoes that we guarantee in

make and material. Shoes

that we give you a new pair

for in case anything is poor

about them. Such shoes as

C. P. Ford & Co's, McClure

and Eggart, John Kelly and

C. M. Henderson & Co's

make. Shoes that give you

entire satisfaction in style, fit

and wear. Last week we

opened six hundred pairs of

shoes, embracing the most

stylish women's and children's

shoes in Rhinelander.

Spafford & Cole.

GOLDEN EAGLE

BARBER SHOP

Fuller House Block.

J. H. LEWIS, Proprietor.

All work in the tonsorial line done

satisfactorily.

Ladies' Hair Dressing a Specialty.

THE NORTHWESTERN

Chloride of Gold Institute.

Is the only Institute in this immedi-
ate section licensed to use the famous
Chloride of Gold Cure. The terms are
reasonable and a cure absolutely guar-
anteed. Call on or address,

DR. H. C. KEITH,
Rhinelander, Wis.

HENRY HEYN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Wood,

Lime,

Brick,

Hair,

CEMENT, STUCCO,

Plastering Hair and

Building Material.

Warehouse near N-W Depot.

CLARK & LENNON--Builder's and Lumbermen's Hardware!

J. Segerstrom,

Watches,
Jewelry,
Diamonds, Silverware,
Clocks, Etc.

Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty.

E. G. SQUIER

DEALER IN

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Etc.,
Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best
gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fausta's Block.

Rhineland, Wisconsin

Harness!

J. H. Schroeder,
BROWN STREET,

Rhineland, - Wis.

Light and Heavy Harness,

And all Goods in my Line. Repairing done promptly and in a satisfactory
manner. Orders from Lumbermen given special attention.

THE CITY MARKET,

Wholesale and Retail

MEATS AND PROVISIONS.

Brown Street.

Rhineland, Wis.

HUNER & FENNING, Prop's.

A. C. DANIELSON & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

We are prepared to make First-class Fitting, Fashionable Suits. We
carry the Latest Style of Goods, and the Lowest Prices in the Town. Shop
opposite the Giant Sleigh Manufacturing Co.'s plant, Rhineland, Wis.

Crane, Fenelon & Co.

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Groceries,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Furnishing Goods

First-class Goods and Prices to Suit the Times.

ED. ROGERS,
Horseshoer!

Will attend to all work entrusted
to me in a satisfactory
manner.

I ALSO SHOE CATTLE.

Shop next to Giant Sleigh Works.

F. A. HILDEBRAND,

FURNITURE.

My Stock is Complete and my Prices
Reasonable. Your Patronage
is solicited.

An expert embalmer and funeral director
in readiness at all times.
Call before purchasing.

RHINELAND, - WIS.

THE NEW NORTH.
BISHOP & OGDEN, Publishers.

LOCAL TIME TABLES.

Chicago & Northwestern R'y.

NORTH BOUND

No. 2-Daily 5:45 A. M.

No. 3-Ashland Mail and Express 1:17 P. M.

SOUTH BOUND

No. 4-Daily 11:15 P. M.

No. 5-Ashland Mail and Express 1:17 P. M.

H. C. BREEDER, AGENT.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y

EAST BOUND.

No. 6-Ar. 1:25 A. M. Through Passenger.

No. 7-Ar. 1:25 A. M. Through Passenger.

WEST BOUND.

No. 8-Ar. 1:25 A. M. Through Passenger.

No. 9-Ar. 1:25 A. M. Through Passenger.

Freight trains do not carry passengers on this division.

Trains 7 and 8 are fast trains and stop
only at principal stations.

Effective Sunday, June 17, 1894.

H. C. BREEDER, Agent.

Republican County Convention.

Notice is hereby given that a Republican County Convention will be

held at the Court house in the city

of Rhineland, Friday, July 13th,

1894 at 7:30 p. m., for the purpose

of electing two delegates to attend

the Republican State Convention to

be held in Milwaukee July 25th

1894. And three delegates to

attend the Republican County Con-

vention to be held in the city of

Merrill August 15th 1894. The

representation of each town and

ward in the county in said conven-

tion is as follows: Hazelhurst, 5;

Woodboro, 3; Pelican, 3; city of

Rhineland 12, two from each ward.

By Order of the Committee,

W. L. BEERS, Chairman.

The State Convention.

The following is the number of

delegates each county in the state

will be entitled to in the next State

Convention. This is based upon the

Republican vote of 1892 cast for Pres-

ident Harrison, giving one delegate to

each 500 votes, or major part thereof,

cast at that election.

Adams 2 Manitowish 4

Ashland 3 Marathon 4

Barron 4 Marinette 4

Bayfield 2 Marquette 4

Brown 6 Milwaukee 5

Buffalo 3 Monroe 3

Calumet 1 Oconto 3

Chippewa 4 Outagamie 3

Clark 4 Ozaukee 1

Clifton 2 Pepin 1

Crawford 2 Pierce 1

Dane 15 Polk 1

Dodge 1 Portage 1

Douglas 1 Racine 1

Dunn 1 Richland 1

East Troy 1 Rock 1

Forest 1 Sauk 1

Grant 1 Shawano 1

Green 1 Sheboygan 1

Green Lake 1 Taylor 1

Iowa 1 Trempealeau 1

Jackson 1 Vernon 1

Jensen 1 Vilas 1

Juneau 1 Walworth 1

Kewaunee 1 Washburn 1

La Crosse 1 Waushara 1

Lancaster 1 Wisconsin 11

Lincoln 1 Wood 1

La Fayette 1 Waubesa 1

Total 241

O. E. Karste of Ironwood, has

been nominated for state treasurer

by the Michigan Democrats.

The Democratic state convention

will be held at Milwaukee September

5. It seems to be the general opinion

that Gov. Peck will be re-nominated.

The Illinois state Democratic con-

vention nominated Franklin Mc-

Venagh for senator and endorsed Gov.

Mitche's "fearless" administration.

It's the same old good Lord and

good devil party. Its anything for

votes and nothing for principle.

The Illinois Democratic platform

heartily endorses the national ad-

ministration and congress "in all

that they have done toward carrying

out the Chicago platform." Inso-

much as they have done nothing in

that line the endorsement isn't bad

as a sample of humor.

The great Wisconsin valley is go-

ing to roll up a splendid Republican

majority this fall. Whoever the can-

didates are the party can rely on a

vote much larger than ordinarily

goes to it, and if the convention will

give the valley the man of its choice

-W. H. Myrae, for attorney general

-the vote will be the banner record

of the valley.

"I can never again vote the Demo-

cratic ticket. I have stood by that

party for years and waited for an

opportunity to see what they would

do when they gained possession of

the government. I have seen what

they do and they can never again se-

cure a vote from me." That speech

was made by a man in Rhineland

Thursday last. He has been one of

the wheelhorses of Oneida county's

Democracy for eight years and if

At the coming Republican state
convention every Republican editor
in the state is expected to be present.
It will be the most important con-
vention held in Wisconsin for many
years and no Republican newspaper
man can afford to be absent. A spe-
cial effort will be made at this time
to effect press organizations in each
congressional district for better and
more united political work. The
vice-presidents of the state editorial
society will call these district meet-
ings and attend to the work of or-
ganization.

Rhineland has a citizen of whom
his friends at his former home in
Langlade county have nothing but
the kindest of words and wishes.
They want him to go to the front in
politics and are loud in saying that
his moving up here is all that kept
them from putting him there. Rhine-
lander people know the man and
know that either in business or poli-
tics he will be near the head of any
procession, but he isn't a candidate
for the assembly or any other office.
He will take a hand in Republican
party matters because he's built that
way and will help anybody into of-
fice who represents the party prin-
ciples. We should be glad to see C. F.
Smith go to either congress or the
assembly, but he wants nothing
more than a chance to help others.

What has the Democratic party
left to itself on which to go before
the people this fall or in the Presi-
dential election of 1897? If, as its acts
indicate, it believes in protection to
home industries, it cannot ask the
people of this country to intrust to
its pretence hand the development of
a policy in which the Republican
party is a past-master. If it shall
ask the people to commit to it re-
form, the inevitable response will be
"What?" Send you back to reform
your own reforms, and to do at a
second term what you absolutely
failed to even attempt to do at the
first term, with the whole power of
the government under your control? Just
now the Democratic party must be
asking itself the historic question,
"Where are we at?" and imploring
its oracles and seersayers in vain
for a response.

There is no use of losing our heads
on this congressional business. The
Republicans have got a hard fight
before them to reclaim the district.
Its considerably easier to talk a 7,500
majority over than it is to turn
it. In order to replace Thos. Lynch
by a man who will vote for Republi-
can principles in congress, the party
must make no mistakes. The nomi-
nation is of the greatest importance.
The talk of anybody being able to
win is nothing but talk. The Demo-
cratic party today is disorganized,
disatisfied and without leaders or
policy. But never fear but what be-
fore election they will march up in a
solid phalanx, with something for a
platform which will give the papers
and curbstone orators topics to talk
on, and to win in a district where
they have 7,500 majority will take
more than just talking about it.

Whoever is the candidate, if he is to
win, must be a man who is near to
the people. He must have the energy
and ability to make a long and
thorough campaign. He must be of
a calibre that will draw votes by
comparison with such timber as Tom
Lynch. He must go before the peo-
ple with no enemies in his own party
to fight and no handicap of opposi-
tion in his own party. If the con-
gressional convention nominates
such a man he can win. And if the
congressional delegates are true to
their party they will name the
strongest man regardless of any per-
sonal considerations or wild claims
by interested parties. As Republi-
cans we should have no interest ex-
cept for the welfare of the party.

Measures, not men, is the rock upon
which Republicanism stands and the
great 9th district wants a Republi-
can more than it wants to gratify
any man's ambition. The party can-
not afford to give the nomination to
any one but a winner this year and
to know who would be a winner its
necessary to talk with the people.
It can't be learned by reading enlog-
istic notices of the one who happens
to be the choice of the articles writer.
Let Oneida county Republicans talk
with the people of Oneida county and
see who of those named would make
the strongest run in the county.
They will know who it will be best
for Oneida county to have nominated.

Pure Spring Water.
I have arrangements completed for
delivering water from the Oneida
Spring, to any part of the city, fresh
every morning. The cost is only
nominal and the water absolutely
pure. Those desiring service should
apply at once.

ARTHUR TAYLOR.

H. LEWIS,
Wine, Liquor and Cigar
MERCHANT.

Goldman Block. Rhineland, Wis.

My goods are the very best, and I can supply
customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale
prices.

Fine California Wines a Specialty.

Give me a call and sample goods and prices

J. Weisen's
Provision Depot!

It is always stocked with seasonable goods. The
best butter, eggs and everything usual-
found in a provision store. Potatoes
at wholesale or retail. Give us a
call. Brown street.

Don't Forget the Place

SLIMMER'S

NEW

Clothing . . .
. . . House.

IS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING

With Gent's Furnishing Goods

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes

New

Meat Market!

Having purchased the business and
fixtures of the firm of Hunt Bros. I
am in the business of selling all kind

Meats and
Provisions,

Fish, Poultry, Etc.

I ask a share of the public patronage

and guarantee my best efforts to give

you good honest weight of the best

meats I can buy at market figures.

Should be pleased to see you at the

shop. Corner Davenport and Stevens

streets.

Very truly,

E. C. VESSEY

ONEIDA
CLOTHING
HOUSE,

We Have the Largest and Best Stock of



Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings,
and Shoes.

EVER BROUGHT TO THE CITY.

LOUIS ZOLINSKY, Prop.

PURE
SPRING
WATER.

FROM
THE . . .

ONEIDA SPRING

Brought to your home
every morning, at a cost so
low that all can afford it.

Apply to

ARTHUR TAYLOR.

E. BOYER,

Dealer in . . .

Groceries,
Povis'ons,
Flour, Feed
Etc., Etc.

All my stock is new and fresh.
My prices are low for cash,
and it will pay anyone in the
city to try our goods and prices

Delivery made to any part of city.
North Side, RHINELAND.

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and Rhineland.

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Third Vice President, Gen'l Manager

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General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

CHICAGO, ILL.

IN A STREET CAR.

But a feeble, bent old lady,
With a faded, wrinkled face,
Who along the car peered dimly
To obtain a vacant place;
Yet, as if with pulse electric,
Instantly upon his feet
Every man arose to give her
With a smile his empty seat.

Kindly glances rested on her;
Kindly hands were ready there
To support her should she need it
For her soft and snowy hair
Seemed an aureole of glory
To those care-cumbered men
As the mother love within them
Woke to consciousness again.

Ah, there's nothing half so holy
In this world of sin and woe
As the love that blessed our childhood
In the years of Long Ago;
And a common chord of feeling
Linked together man with man
When the thought of home and mother
Through that crowd of strangers ran.
—Helen Chauncey, in Harper's Bazar.

ROMANCE OF LA ROSINE.

BY MAURICE GORDON.

(Copyright, 1894, by the Author.)



THE day was done, night fell upon the city, a breeze stole over the roofs; houses were for the time being deserted; those who possessed gardens carried their chairs thither; the less fortunate occupied doorsteps, and complained languidly of the heat.

Out on Rosine square, where every house opened on the street, and where one might chat with the neighborhood from one's own doorway, discussion ran high. M. Jacques, the shoemaker, had observed that rain was at hand, whereupon Vasson, the jeweler, had seen fit to sneer. "Rain," he repeated scornfully; "may fall a storm, more likely. I remember in 1844—"

"Hate!" said monsieur, "mademoiselle and her fiancée are merry to-night."

"There is a proverb which I no longer believe," murmured Vasson, "the course of true love sometimes does run smooth."

"Ah! When people are rich," put in a woman's voice.

"He is handsome," said M. Jacques, "in the American way. It is a pity he is not erole."

"Mademoiselle is an angel. Now if monsieur were a prince—"

"A prince! and why should a paltry prince— Come, monsieur, it is too hot to quarrel; let Marie be. What say you, Marie, to a walk in the square?"

She rose and followed Pierre, her lifelong friend, her half-avowed lover, down the quiet street. Beneath the de la Maure balcony they paused; behind the vines they distinguished the figures of the lovers. The two heads, one so fair, the other dark and smooth, were close together.

"It is a good thing to be rich," he said, pointing over his shoulder.

"O Pierre," cried she, "it is not money that makes us happy."

"What then?"

"You know. I need not tell you."

"But that is it," he cried. "I will hear it from you and no one else; come, we will finish our talk here."

He led her into the square to a seat beneath the myrtles; while they chatted the wind sent the blossoms quivering to the grass; one of them drifted to Marie's shoulder. She caught it and studied it lovingly.

"Myrtle!" cried Pierre, guessing her thoughts, "that means a wedding."

"Charles," Jeanne de la Maure was saying at this moment, "do not go to-morrow. Last island seems so far away, and Pere Francois says that, in



rough weather, the journey is full of danger."

"In rough weather, perhaps."

"But you must not laugh; everyone thinks that a storm is brewing; don't you feel it in the air?"

"My love, did I follow my wish, nothing could drag me away; but poor Reid's letter was so despondent, I think I ought to go to him; he was very good to me once. I can't bear to think of his dying out there alone."

"Dying?" repeated Jeanne.

"Yes, and his life is ebbing away to the music of flutes and the laughter of the thoughtless."

"Dying," she said again, "so young?" Her eyes filled with tears. "Poor, poor fellow. Go to him, Charles, I shall not keep you; tell him how sorry I was; but, my darling, I shall miss you so; do not stay long."

He drew her to him, and promised that nothing should keep him from her; the neighbors saw her, in her white gown and scarlet ribbons, lean over the railing to wish him a last good-by.

"You will not be long, mon cher?"

"A fortnight, and I will return."

But, a few days later, the country thrilled with the tidings from last island; a storm, unparalleled in violence, had broken upon the resort; the hotels and cottages were scattered like

houses of cards; the pleasure craft along the beach destroyed; the island itself submerged.

The adjacent islands were strewn with corpses; many perished never to be heard of again, among others Charles Deane, Jeanne de la Maure's lover. The survivors, a broken-hearted band, were eloquent in praise of him; he had saved many lives before losing his own, and was last seen swimming toward the life-saving boat with a child in his arms. Being a daring swimmer, but little fear was entertained as to his safety; he was, at first, thought to have found refuge on one of the gulf islands, or to have been picked up by an outgoing vessel, but as time went on, bringing no tidings, days drifting into weeks, weeks into months, his death was reluctantly accepted by his friends.

Even Jeanne de la Maure, whose faithful heart refused to despair, realized that further hope was a mockery. One balmy evening about a year later Pere Francois, walking down Royal street, heard his name called softly. A carriage had drawn up to the curb and a girl in deep black was beckoning to him.

"Jeanne de la Maure," he exclaimed. "Yes, it is I," she answered. "We have just returned from abroad. Won't you get in? I have something to say to you."

He obeyed wonderingly.

"Now, my father," speaking in quick, eager tones, "who are so wise and good, tell me, will I be doing wrong to enter a convent?"

"You?" he said, protestingly.

"Oh, why not? I am so weary of the life we lead."

"My child," said the priest, "we must consider. To act upon impulse would be wrong; there must be preparation and probation. Should you hesitate before taking the last vows there will be yet time for you to withdraw."

"I shall never wish to do that."

"They were nearing home; a sudden turn had brought them in sight of the square; the syringas were in bloom; the long grass white with clover; the air was full of cheerful sounds."

Pere Francois, most grateful of men, turned impulsively to his companion.

"It is a beautiful world," said he. She averted her face, but the tears so resolutely fought back could be restrained no longer; his idle speech was the last straw upon an already overburdened heart. The carriage stopped before her door, and the little priest, overwhelmed with remorse, lifted her out and led her weeping up the steps.

"Poor mademoiselle, if one could do anything!" The voice was the woman's who had once spoken bitterly of "the rich." Marie and her husband

"Pere Francois, don't you know me?" gazed wistfully from their shop door. "Think of it," said the young wife, "we used to envy her."

"It was I who envied her," cried Pierre, "you, who said that love, not money, brought happiness; and it is so."

"Yes," she said absently; her eyes were not on him, but on the balcony opposite, where a black-robed figure paced slowly to and fro.

The church was crowded to suffocation; the ceremonies attendant upon the solemn function known as "taking the veil" were wont to be impressive; a fashionable audience always witnessed them; to-day offered no exception to the rule. Aside from the religious features, rumor had whispered that a young girl of wealth and beauty—none other indeed than Jeanne de la Maure, the belle of many a ball-room—was to renounce the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world" forever.

The organ was playing softly; the priests and novices had entered the building; a hush lay over the assembly, when an interruption so unlooked for occurred that the congregation might be pardoned for rising in an outburst of amazement.

Down the middle aisle, to the foot of the chancel, rushed an agitated man. He was tall and magnificently built, his rough curls were fair, his eyes deeply blue. As people gazed, they recognized and thrilled with wonder.

"Pere Francois, don't you know me?" he cried, passionately. "I am Charles Deane, Jeanne de la Maure's promised husband; surely, my father, you remember me? They told me she was here, that I would be too late—his voice broke. "Say I am yet in time?"

The bishop advanced and laid his hand on the young man's arm.

"She is not here," he said, "but it is not as you think. Acting upon our advice, she has resolved to devote the rest of her life to secular charities, in which you can help her."

"Where is she?" pleaded Deane.

The bishop whispered a few words. Deane knelt a moment in prayer, then, rising, made his way out of the church.

"It reads like a fairy-tale," cried Vasson; "carried out to sea; picked up by Malays; treated as a slave; finally helped to escape by a native he had befriended—one does not hear such a story every day." Marie and Pierre assented.

"Monsieur is a hero," said the young wife, "you remember my saying—a prince."

"A prince!" broke in Vasson, "and did not I—"

"Hush!" said the little shoemaker—from the balcony opposite came the murmur of voices—"monsieur and mademoiselle are happy to-night."

HOME MARKETS.

Industrial Development Under the Protective Policy.

Under the inspiration of our protective policy there has been an industrial development in this country that has no parallel in history. Under its provisions, and by virtue of its fostering care, a traveler has been lighted from New York to St. Louis by the furnaces along the line. It has built half a dozen trans-continental railways and developed a system reaching to every state, county and almost every hamlet in the land. Within ten years this system has reduced the cost of transportation of farm products more than one-half, as a general average. Nearly every locality has seen industries of various kinds spring into existence as if by magic. We have become a great workshop, and millions of intelligent laborers, employed under better conditions than in any other country on the face of the earth, have furnished to the farmers of this land a home market for their every product.

The farmers of the country have learned, especially during recent years, that the well paid, intelligent wage workers consume more and pay better prices for their products, and pay these prices right at the farmer's door, than they can obtain by shipping abroad to the poorly paid and half starved laborers of other countries. The farmers in our northwest know that in nearly every village, certainly in every small city, they have from one to many of these factories, and that the laborers therein receiving, as they do, from one and a half to two and a half dollars per day can consume a considerable portion of their farm produce. They know that besides these local factories are the immense hives of industry in the eastern and New England states; that this army of millions of workers, none of which under present conditions are producers of farm products, are all consumers ready and willing to take abundantly and for good prices.

These farmers have learned that it

is better to sell at home and in their own country and to their own people than to be obliged to send all their surplus to foreign countries where competition is already too great and where the poverty of the people is such as to make them small consumers.

They also know that to break up our present industrial condition will result in throwing more than a million non-producing wage-workers out of work, reducing their capacity to produce and consume, and eventually driving many of them to the farm, where they in turn will be active competitors in the production of farm crops.

We of the United States consume ninety per cent. of all our agricultural products; the ten per cent. which we annually export more than supplies the whole foreign demand. If we double this export we will reduce the price very greatly. It would require but a slight decrease of the consumption in our own country to increase this proportion of exports to twenty-five or even thirty per cent. of our total product.

Should this come to pass the farmers will find that the railways will make more money (they will be sure of their freight, anyway); the middleman will get his commission all the same; the steamship companies will get their carriage; the European will get our corn and other products at half the present price, while our farmers, enjoying the blessing of free trade in the United States, will be holding the empty bag with nothing to show for the return.

We have had the financial crisis, we have had to borrow, we are in just as bad plight as ever, the outlook for a new bond subscription if more bonds are offered is anything but hopeful, and this state of things may be prolonged indefinitely. We are paying at the rate of seventy-five million dollars a year addition to the public debt for the privilege of democratic rule.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A democratic banner for 1896 should have painted upon its ample folds a dead sheep and a black queen poking her head above a sugar hoghead. It would be historically suggestive of the sheep-killing, flag-pulling, sugar-trust party.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WOOL AND FARMERS.

Political Shores Not as Fabled Out to Oat Farmers by the Wilson Bill.

Speaking of the result of allowing wool from Australia, South America, Turkey and South Africa free import privileges, Mr. Burrows, in his speech of January 2, 1891, gave the following graphic picture:

"In the case of the American wool grower it is not within his power to reach the conditions, if such a step was desirable, which would enable him to successfully compete with the foreign producer. High-priced lands, a rigorous climate, American wages and the cost of transportation offer an irresistible barrier to the successful prosecution of this industry in the United States under free trade."

"How can our flock masters contend with Australia in an open market where 600,000,000 pounds of wool are produced annually from flocks grazing on lands which are rented for a penny an acre a year? Or with the 400,000,000 pounds of annual production in South America, where lands are free and labor commands only 8 cents a day? Or with Russia's 250,000,000 pounds produced with 15 cents daily labor? Or with South Africa, Turkey and Asia, where 10 cents a day is the highest recompense awarded in this industry?"

"Under free trade these countries could put their wool down in our markets at a price less than the cost of production here, and the consequence would be the complete destruction of this great and growing industry in the United States. This would be attended with the sacrifice of 47,000,000 sheep, in which 2,000,000 farmers have invested \$100,000,000 in capital, and the abandonment of extensive ranches with all their valuable improvements. It is idle to contend that with free wool this industry could survive."

"Our farmers are too intelligent to be deceived, and they are already selling their flocks or driving them to the slaughter pen in the hope of saving something from the general wreck which is sure to follow. I regret that time and space forbid the presentation



HELLO!—HALO.—N. Y. Recorder.

of protests in my hands, from thirty-four states and territories, against the consummation of this atrocious outrage. Yet this would probably fall now on deaf ears; but the time is not far distant when they will be heard. The gentleman from West Virginia (Mr. Wilson), in his speech of yesterday, in advocacy of free wool, summoned to his support a statement of a representative from the state of Texas, to the effect that the industry of wool-growing can be carried on as cheaply in that state as anywhere on the globe; and that free wool would not therefore be injurious to the stockmasters of that state. Against this assertion I interpose a remonstrance fifty feet long from the citizens of Texas, bearing eleven hundred signatures, in condemnation of the policy of free wool. Let this be your answer [unrolling the remonstrance]."

CURRENT COMMENT.

"Democracy is nearing the next general election with that awful, hopeless feeling that besets a man when he reaches the last ditch and finds it isn't there.—Chicago Journal.

"The sugar trust having been conciliated by securing everything asked for, tariff reform must be given credit for another of its characteristic triumphs in the interest of the people.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"The government is in great need of revenue, yet the democratic senate deliberately postpones for six months the date when the sugar duties go into effect, in order to allow the sugar trust to pile up millions of profit.—Troy Times.

"No political party in modern times ever indicted so much injury on the prosperity of a country as the democracy has on the United States during the fourteen months it has been in full control of the government.—N. Y. Recorder.

"The profits, already inordinately large, of the refiners' monopoly will be swelled to the extent of many millions of dollars by the bonus which the senate has given to it. Thus the leaders of the democracy have canceled the debt which their party owes the sugar trust, but in doing this they have levied tribute on the sixty-five million people of the country.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S CONFESSION.

He Never Participated in a Fight Without Being Most Horribly Afraid.

"In a number of years of active service during the war," said an old soldier recently, "I must confess in all honesty that my bosom never swelled with the enthusiasm of heroes that you hear so much about. On the contrary I experienced more fear than anything else. I always did my duty, but I am forced to believe that the feelings I had when drawn up in line of battle were shared by my companions, who never dared to acknowledge them. Facing a large body of men with guns, and not knowing what moment one of them will send a ball through your head, is not a situation to make a man feel exultant. In my case I was always ready and willing to turn and run, only waiting for some one to make the start. How often when about to enter a battle do I remember soliloquizing: 'Now, if this fellow next to me would only make a start, how thankful I would be.' But pride and sense of duty will hold men together. As I said, I have not the least doubt that many men felt just as I did, no matter how they may talk now. And, when you consider that we always stood our ground, it shows how strongly pride can influence our actions."

"I remember once, while our cavalry troops were out upon a skirmish, we took a vantage position upon a hill that rose out of a plain. From there we could see the enemy gradually surrounding us. This to one of my temperament caused extreme nervousness. When there was but a small opening remaining at one point and that slowly being closed, I went to the commanding officer and suggested that he had better order a retreat while such a thing was possible. He refused to do it, saying that he was going to stand his ground. I knew this was sure death, and would have readily put spurs to my horse and ridden to safety had not my sense of duty and pride impelled me to remain with my officer. He was sitting on his horse calmly taking in the situation, when I came to him a second time to make the suggestion. But I did not have to speak. Providence did my work for me in a manner that prevented argument."

"The bullets were flying about thick and fast, and just as I was about to address the officer a stray one struck him in the wrist of the hand which held the reins. The ball shattered the bone and the reins dropped from the helpless hand. Before the officer could recover the reins with his other hand the horse bolted, and, strangely, started on a dead run for the one place which offered a way of escape. It was my duty to follow the officer, and it was the most cheerful duty I found during the war. I spurred my horse and soon was at his heels. We got away all right, but the company of cavalrymen on the hill were with few exceptions captured and sent to Andersonville prison, and but a small percentage

ever came out alive. That is how a runaway horse saved my life. I never went into action without a dread and a fear of death. This may be looked upon as the stamp of a coward, yet I hardly think it is fair to give such a name to a person who never shirked duty. To me the brave man is not the one who recklessly, without thought, plunges into the thick of battle, but rather the man who, while realizing the danger and appreciating the uncertainty of life, still keeps to the path of duty."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

INDIFFERENCE TO DANGER.

A Confederate Who Demonstrated That He Was Not Easily "Skart."

Absolute indifference to danger under the most perilous circumstances has been the characteristic of the Texas soldier from the days of Sam Houston. An illustration of this fact came under my observation in 1894 when Gen. Warren with several thousand troops occupied the town and peninsula of Indianola on the coast of Texas.

The confederate cavalry regiment to which I belonged did picket duty around Indianola, while the main force of the confederates was encamped about five miles from the town. Every night a detachment of cavalry approached within a short distance of the federal fortifications, watching every outlet, and retiring at daylight.

One night two confederate pickets were on guard on the main road to the town. They were "Black" Graves and "Sam" Gazely. While thus sitting on their horses they got into a dispute. Gazely maintained that the federal troops had evacuated the town. Graves admitted that the "Yanks" were lying low, so as to encourage the confederates to make a night attack, which was being arranged. Moreover, that very night Graves, who had lived in Indianola before the war and knew every inch of the ground, had crawled up in the darkness and located a large federal picket post outside of the trenches to the left of the very road they were guarding. Gazely, however, remained incredulous.

The result of the discussion was that they bet a pair of saddle-bags against two hundred dollars in depreciated confederate currency on the question at issue, and proceeded to settle the

bet by riding down the road into the town. The night was not so dark but that they could see the forts, houses, and particularly the cupola of the courthouse silhouetted against the eastern horizon.

After riding some distance Graves, who was equal to any Indian in distinguishing sounds and localities in the dark, reined in his horse, and said they were in the immediate vicinity of the federal picket. To this Gazely made some remark that implied his companion was "skart." Graves did not reply, but throwing his leg over the pommel of his saddle, girl fashion, struck a match and proceeded to light a corn-shuck cigarette. He had not taken more than one puff when there was a blinding flash from half a dozen federal muskets at point blank range. As is usually the case in firing at a light in the dark, the federal pickets overshot the mark. The two confederates turned their horses and rode slowly back. A second volley, fired at random, rang out. Almost immediately a rocket went up as a signal to the gunboats; the long roll was beaten and the double line of trenches were

turned their horses and rode slowly back.

manned. The federal believed that the expected night attack was being made, as I learned afterward from a federal deserter.

In the meantime Gazely and Graves rode back to their station on the road. Neither said anything until Gazely remarked, sentimentally:

"'Luck,' them saddle-bags are your'n, I reckon."

A few days later Gen. Warren's troops did evacuate Indianola, on their transports and gunboats, to reinforce Gen. Banks, who had been defeated by Gen. Dick Taylor, at Mansfield, on Red river.—Alex. K. Sweet, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

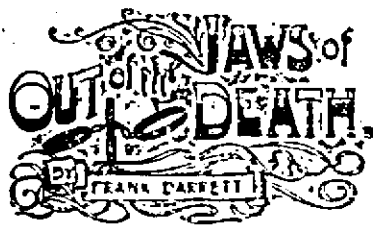
COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

How Gen. Grant Was Held Up by Old Bije Oliver.

A new story of Gen. Grant was told the other day by a resident of Washington county, Va.: "I'll never forget how old Bije Oliver, who kept the toll-gate at Washington on the old Wheeling pike, held up Gen. Grant for toll," he said. "Bije was annoyed a great deal by the college boys who drove over the pike. They worked upon his credulity, promising to pay toll on their way back. Many a nickel has been lost to the old tollkeeper, for he is a kind-hearted fellow, and often in the face of better judgment remitted the toll until they returned. But the boys, like that letter, never came; they took another route home, thus eluding old Bije. Upon one of Grant's visits to Washington, during his administration, a young Mr. Smith, who was then in college, took him out one day for a drive. As they came near the toll-gate on the Wheeling pike old Bije caught sight of them. He went out to his house, took hold of the rope and pulled the pole down, obstructing the road. Smith greeted Bije in a familiar way, and said: 'Look here, Bije, we want to go on. You see, I've Gen. Grant with me here.' Bije looked up with a sardonic smile. He had just begun to see through the tricks of the college boys and was not going to allow himself to be gulled any longer. So he replied: 'I don't give a darn if you have Gen. Grant with you; you'll have to pay toll or you can't get along here.' Then he added in a most sarcastic way, with a leer: 'Gen. Grant! You must take me for a fool.' 'Really,' persisted young Smith, 'this is Gen. Grant.' But Bije got angry at his apparent impudence and said, angrily: 'Grant or no Grant, you pay toll.' Seeing that he was a lament, Gen. Grant put his hand down into his pocket and, after tossing him a coin, drove on, laughing at the incident. He often related the incident afterward, and it seemed to amuse him greatly."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Pilot Knob Fort.

"You would be surprised to know, probably, that the old fort at Pilot Knob has not been destroyed since the war," said a veteran recently. "The land where the fort stands is now owned by the Iron Mountain company. It refuses to allow the warren of the battle of Pilot Knob to be destroyed. The ten-foot ditch around the fort has not been filled up, and it presents pretty much the same appearance as when Gen. Price made an attempt to take the fort. It will be remembered that Price and his army were camped on Shepherd's mountain, the fort being at the base, near a ravine. Price stationed his artillery on top of the mountain and ordered a charge. When the infantry reached the ditch, it was realized that a mistake had been made, and the soldiers retreated, as many of them being killed by Price's men, who were keeping up incessant firing from the top of the mountain, as were shot down by the federals within the fort. It was the intention of Gen. Price to capture the fort the next morning, and he had made a hundred ladders to scale the ditch, but they were never used, as the federals spiked the cannon and blew up the fort at daylight. The remnants still remain, however, and are viewed with interest by hundreds from St. Louis who spend the summer season at Arcadia."—St. Louis Republic.



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With a slight inclination of the head he told me to take a chair, and fixing his dark, penetrating eyes upon me said:

"Madame, do you deny that Taras, Prince Karamazoff, is your friend?"

"No," I replied proudly. "He is the dearest friend I have in the world. These words brought tears into my eyes, so that I was unable to speak, but I rushed them away impatiently and said: 'The minister's eyes fixedly, and with the resolve to keep my emotion down.'

"Then how comest it," the minister asked, "that you have aided in bringing him here?"

"I have done no such thing. The man you have here is not Taras, but George Gordon. If you are the minister of police, you will know that when you see him."

"Assuming that this is George Gordon, why did you aid in bringing him here?"

"To save Taras from being murdered by your agent, Hundersdorf."

"Is this the first time you have endeavored to save your friend?"

"No, I have helped Karamazoff in two or three attempts to carry him away."

"And you hoped to save Taras a fourth time by substituting George Gordon, to mislead our agents?"

"Yes."

"You thought to throw off the pursuit by making us believe that we had captured Taras?"

"Yes."

"Then why are you so anxious now to make us believe that we have not got Taras?"

"Because Karamazoff made me believe that the moment you discovered the mistake Hundersdorf would be finished in disgrace, while a public outcry would compel you to abandon any further effort to remove Taras from England."

"You are candid, at any rate," said the minister, after exchanging a swift glance with Hundersdorf.

"I want you to know the whole truth."

"In that case, will you be good enough to give me the particulars of the attempt made by Mr. Karamazoff to kidnap Taras?"

I narrated the events as simply as I could. When I came to an end, the minister wrote a few lines, handed the paper to Hundersdorf, and rising took up his hat.

"What are you going to do with me?" I asked.

"During the inquiries which must necessarily be made to ascertain the truth of your statement, you will be detained. You will be provided with every available comfort, and in consideration of the straightforward manner in which you have given information, if there is any reasonable concession I can make."

"George Gordon—I want to see him," said I, for I felt the need of a companion.

The chief looked grave, then, after giving some instructions to Hundersdorf, he said to me:

"You shall see him tomorrow morning, and with a slight bow left the office.

I was taken back to the cell, and as the door closed with a clank, and I looked round the four bare whitewashed walls, with their one barred window high up, showing but a few inches of leaden sky, I asked myself where was the comfort that had been promised me.

In the evening the warden brought me a bundle of thick serge clothes and a greasy sheepskin coat, telling me that I should have to wear them for my journey and that I must put up when I was called. This was the first indication I had received that we were to be removed from St. Petersburg. The minister had spoken of a detention. He had said that I should see Gordon the next morning, but was it only to say 'goodbye'?

Before it was light the warden entered my cell, and seeing a candle on the shelf which served as a table told me I must be dressed in 10 minutes. In 10 minutes I was dressed in my ill-fitting clothes, looking more like a white bear than a human creature in the great sheepskin coat which touched the ground at my feet and was furnished with a hood and a collar band, which left nothing visible of my face except my nose and eyes. A pair of enormous boots lined with sheepskin and great fingerless gloves of the same kind added still more to the uncouthness of my appearance. The warden brought me a mug of hot tea and some dried fish and bread, and while I ate my breakfast made up the clothes I had worn into a bundle for me to take with me.

I was taken down into the yard, where, to my great joy, I found Gordon arrayed in a suit similar to my own, by which I concluded that he was to go away also. I think he was no less pleased to see me. He gave me both hands, and we stood there hand in hand, too grateful to speak at first.

"You are going with me?" we said, at last and simultaneously.

"Yes," said he, "though where we are going I can't say."

"Orkutz, I believe."

"Orkutz, yes! Well, that's a sort of outlandish word about it. But what does that matter? We shall once be free again before very long, that's a certainty. I let the minister have it pretty straight, I can tell you. This started him with the Times and all sorts of punishment."

A sledge was brought into the yard, for the ground was already covered with snow. It was drawn by three horses, each with a bell in the air over the saddle. Inside there was a lot of baggage and better long, for this, I believe, was the mail sledge. The driver arranged it so as to form a comfort-

able seat under the hood and gave us a couple of pillows. He himself sitting in front. When we were ready to start, a couple of mounted Cossacks came out.

"This is our halcyon," said Gordon. "Didn't I promise you that we should be treated like princes? A prince! Wait till I've lit my pipe, and one of us, I know, will be as happy as a king."

The Cossacks, peering in at us, were the grimmest expression imaginable. Never before perhaps had they seen an aristocratic cut for Orkutz with such a jovial, happy-go-lucky air as Gordon's.

"Give 'em a kick," said Gordon, looking at his watch as we passed under the lamp over the gates of the fortress. "They haven't taken a thing from me, though of course I was searched for incriminating papers—not a thing. That's a convincing proof that our detention was merely formal and that we are bound by nothing stronger than red tape—in fact, I don't feel like a prisoner. Do you, Sister Anna?"

It was indeed hard to realize that we were still in the iron grasp of the police when the Cossacks, falling to their knees, were out of sight. My dependent misgivings gave place to the hopeful ideas imparted by my friend, and my spirits rose under the exhilarating influence of the journey. The air, though intensely cold, was bright and clear; the stars shone sharp and bright in the sky; the snow was hard, and the horses sped along swiftly to the musical clank of the bells over their backs.

We did not stop until we reached the posthouse, where the horses were changed. There we had a very good lunch, and after the indispensable cup of tea we started afresh, quite pleased to go on.

"This is something like a journey d'agrément," said Gordon as he lit another pipe and nestled up in his corner.

"Yes, if there's nothing worse than this," said I, but not at all in a tone of misgiving.

CHAPTER XXXIV. WE MAKE OUR ESCAPE.

It was getting dark when we overtook a train of miserable convicts marching with clanking chains along the road. About an hour later we reached the stage, where we were to stay for the night.

I had heard much of the horrors of these stations and the loathsome "khamaras," or sleeping places, in which the convicts were lodged, and I had seen them in the collections of paintings exhibited by Taras. I was therefore astonished to find that the hut in which I passed the night was so decent and habitable. It was not over-crowded. There was a rough carpet on the floor, and the only real hardship was the absence of both bed and bedding, for we had to sleep on a sloping board and in our clothes.

I was much better off than my companion, who was thrust into a den built to accommodate 50 prisoners, with no less than 10 criminals of all sorts, and the horrors of that night were more, I believe, than he could make light of, for he was extremely reticent upon the subject. All that he told me was that he had found no room to lie down and had breathed a little atmosphere of his own by smoking all night.

"However," he said cheerfully, "that's all past, and I shall make up for a sleepless night by a good long snooze this afternoon—if we don't come to the end of our journey before."

We went on by another mail sledge, but with the same guard who had left St. Petersburg with us.

These two Cossacks never left us throughout our long journey, which continued without any break, save the nightly halt at a convict station, for three weeks after we had passed through Moscow. Soon after leaving that city behind us I noticed a change in poor Gordon. His spirits seemed to be losing their elasticity. His gaiety to be a little forced, his pipe more necessary.

not one will stir a foot to prevent those poor wretched devils trampling each other to death at the locked gate."

"Is there any danger here?" I asked. He turned around and answered lightly:

"Yes; there's the danger of living to see the mines of Karam or any other pit of Tophet that our holy czar in his mercy consigns us to."

Shedding his eyes from the glare of the flames and looking into the smoke, he said:

"If those fools, instead of pounding each other into a jelly, would only pile themselves into a heap systematically, there would be a chance for some of us to scratch a few days' respite in the forest. Hello!" he exclaimed as a tall came in the conduct of screams and curses. "They're not such fools after all; they've got the gate of the hinges—I'm off!" And with that he disappeared into the smoke.

The warden also discovered what had happened. Half a dozen ran across to a shed and returned with rifles in their hands. The noise at the gates was over now. The crackling of timber, the soft whirr of rising flame, an occasional thud as a beam fell—these were the only sounds that reached us for a minute or two. Then a shot was fired, and another and another—half a dozen shots perhaps, and two or three yells answered for echo.

We stood still till the warden returned, one by one, and all was still. Then Gordon, drawing closer to me, whispered:

"Shall we try?"

"Yes, yes—we will try," I answered eagerly, for the thought that we also might escape had just then occurred to me.

Gordon slipped down his hand and grasped mine tightly. Between us and the gateway, on which the smoke still blew down in a thick column, charged with whirling sparks and dropping flakes of fiery embers, stood a couple of wardens. One was clamping his rifle behind them and make a dash for the smoke," said Gordon as we eluded that way.

We waited one breathless minute, and then as a roof fell in, throwing up an eddy column of sparks, which drew the attention of the wardens, we slipped quickly behind them and rushed into the smoke.

We were seen. A voice called to us to stop, and a shot was fired after us. But we were already lost to sight. The smoke blinded us, and stumbling over the bodies of those who had been trampled to death in the frantic struggle to escape we reached the open gateway.



Stumbling over the bodies of those who had been trampled to death.

Seized by the smoke, I reeled and should have fallen, but Gordon, grasping my arm, forced me to bend down—for he dared not open his mouth to speak—and dragged me on. Almost unconsciously I staggered on until at length we got air to breathe and saw the plain stretching out, all red in the light from the fire, to the dark line of the forest trees.

We waited there until another fall of

roof or walls within the palisades caused a sudden drop in the brightness of the light.

"Now's the time," whispered Gordon, springing to his feet. "I can't see those fellows, nor they us. If this only lasts a couple of minutes, we may get out of their range."

I rose quickly, and greatly restored by the few minutes of rest we sped over the hard snow, hand in hand.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WE MEET AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Darkness compelled us to keep on the outskirts of the forest, for within the obscurity was so impenetrable that we should have had to grope our way from tree to tree, only maybe to find, when light came, that we had been traveling in a circle. The glow of the smoldering khamaras at least indicated the direction we were not to take, and the light of the stars was sufficient to enable us to keep a tolerably straight course. We were cheerful enough as we plodded on. Only, as it began to grow light, we cast apprehensive glances behind us for pursuing Cossacks, but not a speck rose out of the great white plain. The remains of the stage were lost to sight. There was no sign of habitation or living creature between us and the dark line of far distant forest which bounded the horizon.

"It's odd," said Gordon in a tone of perplexity, after looking about on the snow around us, "it's odd that there are no marks of feet. I saw by the ticket on the wall last night that there were 600 and odd in the khamaras, and one would think that some of that number surely would take the path we have chosen. There were but two ways to go."

It was a mystery to me also, but I thought it an advantage, for the majority of the convicts we had passed on the road were horrible looking villains, the number of unsavory-looking men exiled for political offenses—being very small indeed. Besides this, it seemed to me that the fewer footprints there were in the snow the less likelihood there was of pursuit being made in our direction, as there would certainly be a better chance of making captives in the other. When it grew lighter, we also struck into the forest and sat down under a canopy of frozen snow spread over the meeting branches of the great pines.

We were not cold, for there was no wind, and exercise had thoroughly warmed our blood, but we were tired, and already hunger was suggesting the question, "What are we to eat?"

But we said nothing on the subject for some time, fearing to betray our own misgivings. At length Gordon, after looking round him in silence, said:

"Awfully quiet in here, isn't it?"

I nodded, looking around me also. Indeed the stillness was, in the true sense of the word, awful.

"I can't see a living thing anywhere," he continued, "and yet there must be, you know."

"Taras told me there were wolves in the forests. Are they good to eat?"

"Well, I've never tried 'em," he answered evasively, concealing whatever disagreeable reflections this question may have suggested. "But one thing is certain, they wouldn't exist if there were nothing for them to eat. If we could knock over a rabbit now, or even an old crow, we could soon make a fire to cook him, and then we should be as right as rain."

He had mechanically filled his pipe and was now about to light it. He stopped, and I saw him carefully counting the small number of vestas that remained in his box. When they were gone, there would be no more smoking.

"I say, do you think you could smoke a cigarette?" he asked hopefully. "Jacey's a wonderful comfort at all times, but when you're a bit pinched, you know."

He pulled out his tobacco pouch temptingly. I told him I would rather not try it yet awhile.

"I think I shall enjoy it more presently," said he, putting his pipe in his pocket.

Then I noticed by the brightness of his pouches he put that away that his tobacco was nearly all gone.

CONTINUED ON 5th PAGE.

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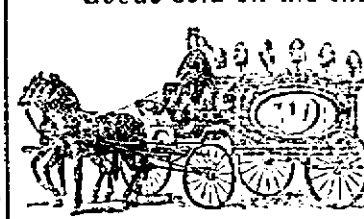
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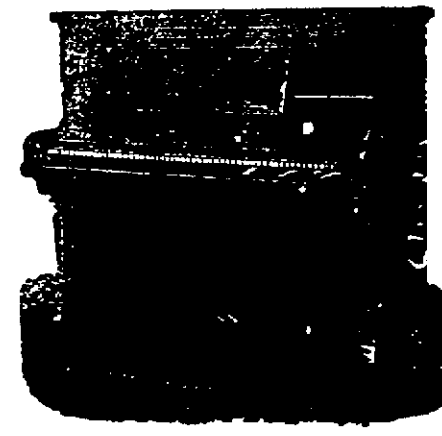
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